THE
NATION

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Poverty, Injustice and the Welfare State

RICHARD A. CLOWARD

RICHARD M. ELMAN

VIETNAM
What Role for the UN?

Russell J. Leng & Jack D. Forbes

Michael Gold of the Ash Can School

'Jews Without Money': Michael Brewster Folsom

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LETTERS

Collision

New York City

Dear Sirs: Let no one say *The Nation* doesn't publish various points of view. My editorial on Weiss and Helga Lohr's Letter from Berlin [issue of Jan. 10] collide head-on. We didn't hear anything about Wolf Biermann from *her*, or about Erich Apel either! And I trust your readers know why *The Tin Drum* is burned in West, not East, Germany? *Because, in East Germany, it is banned.* Miss Lohr tells us that "writers" in East Germany have access, if limited, to "valuable" new writing from the West:

> *Though it is possible to obtain copies of* avant-garde *works through libraries or other sources, the efforts involved in doing so are so time-consuming that they interfere with the day-to-day work of writing.*

Isn't that a glorious sentence? . . . I think my favorite bit is "libraries *or other sources.*" These other sources must be things like caves unopened for centuries or maybe agents of the CIA, secretly distributing the works of LeRoi Jones. What the lady cannot mention is *bookstores*, since they don't have even non-*avant-garde* works, except of approved authors, and even the approved authors, if literary, are far less in evidence than the speeches and writings of Walter Ulbricht in many volumes. . . .

The Nation deserves a bad mark for publishing corrupt rubbish.

Eric Bentley

Berlin

Dear Sirs: It seems to me Eric Bentley somehow missed the point of my article. It was simply to give American readers a glimpse of some of the currents being set in motion by the pressures flowing from the fact that this is a divided country. Not all of these trends necessarily lead to new and concrete solutions of permanence. There are even setbacks, as at present, when the free flow of exchange between people in the field of culture, just in its beginning stage, is suffering from the restraints placed upon it on the part of the GDR (East Germany). Although personally I have doubts about some of the reasons given for it, I do not feel compelled to pour oil on the flames of division. Anyway, like many other trends in this rapidly moving period of history, this will pass, because the mutual desire to find common ground on the basis of clearly defined and delineated principles will seek and find ways of expression.

Therefore, I believe, it becomes doubly important to ferret out, whenever possible, what is positive and may lead into new avenues of understanding, rather than to dwell on issues that can only deepen misunderstanding and even engender blind hatred.

As for the omission of names: At the time this article was written, Wolf Biermann was not yet a *cause célèbre*, and the economist Erich Apel, never linked to cultural affairs, was still alive.

However, I fear there is a somewhat too flippant attitude on Mr. Bentley's part, regarding the burning of Günter Grass's book in West Germany. Burning books in Germany (remember the auto-da-fé in 1933) has a much more dangerous connotation than just not publishing them. In terms of motivation the two cannot be compared.

Helga Lohr

Sobell appeal

New York City

Dear Sirs: In the sixteenth year of imprisonment of my innocent husband, Morton Sobell, we are once more going into the federal court in New York City in an attempt to secure a hearing. A new book on the case, published by Doubleday and written by Walter and Miriam Schneir, *Invitation to an Inquest*, has revealed new documented evidence of forgery, perjury and suppression of evidence. . . . [See review by Fred J. Cook; *The Nation*, Nov. 15, 1965.]

Today such reputable publications as *Newsweek*, Chicago *Daily News*, Washington *Evening Star*, Cleveland *Plain Dealer* and many others are calling for a re-examination of this case.

I urgently request that all those who are concerned with this important question of justice write to U.S. Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, Justice Department, Washington, D.C., urging that he support our petition for a hearing. . . .

Helen Sobell

Strategy of the poor

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Having been an observer at the "Poor People's Convention" held in Syracuse, N.Y., I would like to comment on "The First Congress of the Poor" by Richard A. Cloward and Richard M. Elman [*The Nation*, Feb. 7].

The meeting, I submit, was not "expressly called to condemn the current 'war against poverty,'" but rather as stated by the Syracuse conveners was (a) to "take our war on poverty back from the politicians" and (b) to establish a nation-wide organization of neighborhood-based, anti-poverty programs to represent the interests of the

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A Matter of Conscience

John A. Schneider, the new boss at Columbia Broadcasting under Dr. Frank Stanton, has started off inauspiciously. Perhaps with the thought that he might as well assert his authority at the outset, he decreed that C.B.S.-TV would not broadcast live the testimony of George Kennan before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. It was daytime broadcasting, and Mr. Schneider figured that the housewives would not go for such serious proceedings. Instead, C.B.S. offered a fifth rerun of *Lucy* followed by an eighth rerun of *The Real McCoys*. At the same time, N.B.C. was putting on Kennan—ironically enough from a pool pick-up with a C.B.S. News crew at the cameras and microphones. When Fred W. Friendly, president of the Columbia News Division, looked at the monitors in his office and saw Kennan on N.B.C. and *Lucy* on C.B.S., he resigned.

Friendly criticized the omission of the live Foreign Relations Committee coverage as a "business, not a news judgment." He may be right, but, given the unenterprising, not to say shopworn, nature of the properties C.B.S. was putting on view, more sinister considerations of politics will inevitably be read into the decision. Many reporters and commentators who are not unduly cynical regarded the Johnson safari to Honolulu as at least partially motivated by a desire to obscure the Fulbright hearings. As *The Nation* pointed out editorially in the January 3 issue, Friendly had been under pressure from the Defense Department in other connections. What with one thing and another, the suspicion will not down that C.B.S. thought the Administration would prefer a Lucy to a Kennan at the present juncture. The appearance of partiality is reinforced by the fact that C.B.S. purposes to broadcast, live, the testimony of General Taylor and Secretary Rusk, after denying equivalent time to Kennan.

Schneider defended his decision on the ground that it would cost C.B.S. $175,000 to take *Lucy* and *The Real McCoys* off the air, and anyway the housewives weren't interested. To this Friendly retorted: "Why were N.B.C.'s housewives interested?" Given the confusion in the country, and the issues at stake, there is every reason to believe that a good many housewives would have tuned in. Some of them have sons of draft age. Some of them have marched in Washington. If they switched to N.B.C., they saw and heard Kennan, and for anyone with more brains than a sparrow, he put on a good show.

Friendly acted as a man with a conscience, a sense of social and professional responsibility; he comes out on top in the whole affair. He leaves C.B.S. with the hope that his resignation "will help insure the integrity and independence of the news operation." It may do so, but it depends partly on N.B.C. and A.B.C. —especially N.B.C. If the latter persists in covering important political events live, C.B.S. may be forced to do the same or allow its public image to be tarnished. If N.B.C. also yields to expediency, a downward spiral will be set in motion, and broadcasting has enough of that already. Whatever happens, Friendly's performance has been admirable.

East and West from Paris

Why must the Russians be their own worst enemy? Why, a few days after Luna 9 had filled the world with admiration for Soviet scientific achievement, did they stage an obscurantist witch trial? The notion that Siniavsky and Daniel were convicted by judicial process is rejected on all sides, since the Soviet press was denouncing them as criminals long before the trial began. Similarly, the claim that they were tried in "open court" is not credible because only persons hand-picked for their total agreement with the official line were admitted to the proceedings, and since a ten-hour interrogation of the defendants was summarized by Tass, *Pravda* and *Izvestia* in twenty snarling lines.

Such, in brief, is the reaction in Western Europe, even among the many Soviet sympathizers. The Italian Communists were openly outraged by the trial, and *L'Humanité* ran a stinging condemnation by Louis Aragon, a member of the French Communist Party's Central Committee. There is now wide speculation as to whether a full account of the trial will leak out. More important, though, is whether it will produce a sharp reaction from the young intellectuals or frighten them back into conformism.

One theory, based on the fact that Siniavsky contributed regularly to *Novy Mir*, Russia's most liberal magazine and for years a source of pain to the Stalinist conservatives, is that the affair was staged primarily to draw the magazine's fangs and possibly to cause the replacement of its courageous editor, Alexander Tvardovsky. The tacit opposition among Soviet writers to the whole sorry business may be seen from the fact that only two literary nonentities volunteered to support the prosecution. That does not mean that the Stalinists are not secretly rejoicing.

Another interpretation of the trial that has considerable currency is that it was staged to warn others against making unduly close foreign contacts in a period of international strain induced by Vietnam. But one point on which West European opinion agrees is that the verdicts against Siniavsky and Daniel have done Russia infinitely more harm than anything those two men have ever published abroad.

* * * *

The French, who were bogged down in Vietnam for eight years, and who finally had to admit defeat after the disaster of Dienbienphu in 1954, have been giving much thought to their American "successors" in the war there. Bestial though the Franco-Vietnamese con-

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flict was in many respects, it nevertheless was fought, more or less, on "equal terms." Indeed, the heavy concentration of Vietnamese artillery under General Giap was what sealed the fate of the French defenders of Dienbienphu.

The nature of the war today is entirely different because of the technical means employed on the American side. It is no longer at all assumed here (as it was a year ago) that the Americans have no hope of winning the jungle war. On the contrary, it is thought possible that the Americans will "win." But how? By a process of almost general extermination.

The renewal of the bombings of North Vietnam has aroused great anger, especially among responsible intellectual groups here. Professor Duverger, analyzing American aims in Vietnam for *Le Nouvel Observateur*, has described the phenomenon as "external fascism." Internally, the United States remains a democratic country, but externally it inflicts fascism on disobedient foreign countries by means of napalm. "Would it not do American prestige in the Third World far more good to abandon South Vietnam than to go on with this war which is arousing the fiercest hatred against the U.S. in the Third World countries?"

To be sure, there are the universities that are shocked by all this. But will they be able, Duverger asks, to put a stop to this "external fascism," or will their protest lead to a revival of an even more virulent form of McCarthyism? The only thing, he thinks, that might have some effect on the U.S. is a major protest of West European public opinion, a protest directed most particularly against the unspeakable horror that thousands of Vietnamese women and children are being killed, crippled and wholly or half burned with napalm. A children's welfare society, *Terre des Hommes*, with headquarters in Geneva, begged the U.S. authorities in Vietnam to allow crippled and burned children to be taken out of the country and given the best possible medical treatment. The response was a blank refusal; it is not thought good for the outside world to see what napalm can do to children.

To date, no West European government, except de Gaulle's, has come out openly against the war in Vietnam—least of all the West German Government, which merely regrets that it can't send troops there. The Labour government is feeble for its own reasons; "and [as Duverger says] it requires the conservatives of *The Times* to save England's honor."

All the same, America is not popular now among the people of Europe. The thousand Guernicas of Vietnam are giving them bad dreams. For what happens even after a "victory" in Vietnam? And how much "prouder" and more trigger-happy will such a victory make the people of the United States? Do they seriously think they have a mission in Asia and other parts of the world; and is this the best way of fulfilling their mission? One can foresee a violent wave of anti-American sentiment sweeping Western Europe if the bombing of North Vietnam goes much further.

ALEXANDER WERTH

The Stopper

The Pentagon and the President have a "stopper" for all critics of Administration policy in Vietnam: "What, then, is your alternative?" At the moment, this unanswered question has the critics at a distinct disadvantage; the live options are neither obvious nor numerous. But two considerations must be kept in mind. By building up an enormous force in Vietnam, the Administration has itself created the dilemma it now asks its critics to solve. In other words, the formidable military presence which we have now established in Vietnam does pose some problems about how it can be removed without a distinct loss of prestige. This consideration weighs heavily with such responsible critics as George Kennan and General Gavin; in fact it forced them to make concessions which robbed their testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee of much of its effectiveness. And the other point is that the Administration (even assuming the good faith of its "peace offensive") has never clearly and conclusively demonstrated that it has exhausted all live bids for negotiation or the possibility of finding a role for the UN. Senator Ribicoff's proposal—that the President arrange a preliminary conference at Geneva with the thought of subsequently reconvening the Geneva Conference itself—is merely one of several unexplored avenues of escape from the dilemma.

If all possibilities for a negotiated settlement fail, there would still remain the option of a unilateral withdrawal of American forces. But this would, indeed, be the last alternative, and virtually none of the Administration's critics propose unilateral withdrawal —although none of them make clear why, given their view of this dirty war, they hesitate to take that position. We submit, however, that there is an explanation. Withdrawal would be a blow, perhaps a fatal blow, to the UN. It would be tantamount to conceding that the organization is powerless to cope, even indirectly, with a major threat to the peace involving one of the Big Two powers without the consent of both. Some such consideration doubtless explains Senator Morse's consistent contention that the issue of Vietnam must be brought to the UN. Granted that there are peculiar difficulties such as the nonmembership of China and the apparent reluctance of North and South Vietnam to participate in UN negotiations, the fact that intervention would be difficult does not dispose of the UN's duty, under the Charter, to seek peace in Vietnam—Chapter I, Article 1; Chapter V, Article 24(1). The good sense of the majority of the people tells them that it would be a good idea if the United Nations were to become involved (74 per cent of the Americans questioned approved this proposition in a recent Gallup poll).

The statements in this issue (p. 227) suggest how a role for the UN might be found in the Vietnam dispute. In effect, both proposals assume a reconvened session at Geneva as a necessary precondition, but "back to Geneva" has always been the logical first step

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for a settlement and presumably the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong would be willing to negotiate there on the basis of their Four Point proposal. One statement also suggests how it might be possible to induce the Soviet Union to join with Britain in reassembling the parties at Geneva. Until such possibilities as these have been fully tested (somewhat similar proposals have been raised in letters to the press by Seymour Melman, Irving Horowitz and Seymour Lipset), neither the Pentagon nor the White House should be permitted to fob off critics by simply asking: "What is your alternative?" At the moment, the tacit assumption that this retort is a stopper blunts the mounting criticism of Administration policy.

The War Fans

Atlanta

"'Affirmation Vietnam," held on Lincoln's Birthday and trumpeted all over the city for weeks in advance, was to draw an overflow crowd to the new 50,000-seat Atlanta Stadium and declare thunderous support for American policy in Vietnam. The stands were seven-eighths empty on February 12. For one thing, it rained all day. Perhaps, also, the attendance reflected the fact that support for the war, though still felt by a majority of Americans, is polite and passive, with people standing behind the country by sitting in front of the TV.

This was not a bellicose crowd. Although one man did snatch a picket sign from one of the thirty people who marched silently around the stadium ("We Do Not Affirm This War." "We Condemn American Aggression." "Support Julian Bond and Free Speech." "Vietnam for the Vietnamese." "Stop Hysteria—Both Sides Are Wrong"), most of the opposition was expressed either in banter or earnest argument. On the picket line were Negro and white college students, a few faculty people, a blind man, a young woman pushing a baby stroller.

Sponsorship of "Affirmation Vietnam" reflected the new far-Right-to-moderate-Left coalition which has grown up around LBJ. On the list was one of Georgia's most vociferous racists, Roy Harris of the *Augusta Courier;* and also Ralph McGill. It included segregationist Peter Zack Geer, who led the attack on Julian Bond's right to be seated in the Assembly; and also Rufus Clement, president of Atlanta University. In view of the racist position of some of the Atlanta rally supporters of his war, Mr. Johnson may have been ill advised to charge his Senate critics with prejudice in his February 16 Chicago speech to the American Association of School Administrators. Inside the stadium Confederate flags were sold, alongside copies of *The Green Berets* and (surprisingly) Marvin Gettleman's book of documents, *Vietnam.*

Sen. Richard Russell told the crowd: "The time for debate as to our participation in Vietnam has passed." Sen. Herman Talmadge, following him, quoted Stephen Decatur: " . . . but my country, right or wrong." Another Georgian, Dean Rusk, was the wind-up speaker: "Let us be very clear and very simple." And he was. We were in Vietnam because "there is an aggression by North Vietnam against South Vietnam," and "we have a commitment to South Vietnam."

The crowd munched on peanuts, sipped Cokes, and applauded. Sgt. Barry Sadler stood at parade rest behind the microphone and sang *The Ballad of the Green Berets.* Organist Graham Jackson played *Yankee Doodle* and *Battle Hymn of the Republic.* The Emory University Glee Club sang *There Is Nothing Like a Dame* from *South Pacific.* The sound carried outside the stadium. A girl on the picket line, drenched and hatless, said: "It's like a Fred Waring concert. And I find that unnerving, because this is a *war* rally."

HOWARD ZINN

VIETNAM: WHAT ROLE FOR THE UN?

The Strategy of a Truce

Russell J. Leng

The Soviet Union would not consider such a thing; France did not think it wise to become involved; the Secretary-General felt that the matter should be handled in a more quiet, informal manner, and even the American Ambassador admitted that little could be accomplished at this time. Yet for better or worse the United Nations Security Council is now directly and formally involved in Vietnam.

As the United States has already discovered, the UN is likely to find that the cruel realities of the Vietnamese dilemma offer a hard testing ground for its greatest strengths and most deplorable weaknesses. Above all, it will test the nearly forgotten premise that gave birth to the United Nations: great powers must cooperate to keep the peace.

By now it is obvious that any effective United Nations action in Vietnam will require the approval and cooperation of the Soviet Union. As first glance, the Soviet's consistent official stand against involving the United Nations in the Vietnamese war would seem to doom the American initiative to an exercise in wishful thinking. But although the prospects of achieving a ceasefire in the near future through the UN are not great—as Ambassador Goldberg's letter to the Security Council so candidly admitted—they are not impossible. The endless

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rounds of private discussion and face-saving devices available to the organization are among its greatest assets. The Soviets are in no position to join with the United States in arranging peace negotiations if they still take global communism seriously, but they could respond to an initiative from the nonaligned nations —for example, to reconvene the Geneva Conference. In so doing they could gain stature with the Afro-Asians and, at the same time, bring about the peace they apparently desire without losing too much face among their more militant Communist brethren. The United States may be somewhat more willing to negotiate with the National Liberation Front if we are requested to do so through a similarly sponsored resolution.

Of course, there is still the problem of obtaining the cooperation of the other four parties to the dispute —Peking, the two Vietnams and the Vietcong. So far none of them has expressed any interest in acting through the United Nations. But here, too, with the possible exception of Peking (whose cooperation is not essential), a strong neutral initiative could bring about a consent to discussions.

When and if the question of peace is brought to the negotiating table, a reliable cease-fire will necessarily be one of the first issues to be considered. The United Nations is the entity most likely to end up with the responsibility for overseeing that truce. What are its prospects for success?

If its ability to open the way for difficult negotiations has been one of the UN's greatest strengths in the past, peace-keeping operations have provided some rather striking examples of its limitations. Money is the most obvious difficulty. The United States has moved from its adamant stand on the compulsory nature of peace-keeping assessments for the Middle East and Congo operations, but the long-awaited voluntary contributions from the Soviet Union and France remain outstanding and the organization continues to teeter on bankruptcy. Nevertheless, despite the predictably high cost of any operation in Vietnam, finances are not the basic problem. The United States could easily afford to pay the entire cost; it would be a good deal less than the current outlay for the military campaign.

This does not mean that we can simply spray blue paint on the helmets of the 101st Airborne Division and magically turn them into a Korea-style United Nations force effectively controlled by the United States. What was possible in Korea, or even in the Congo, will not be possible in Vietnam. Whatever else may or may not have been proved by the Soviet Union's implacable stand on the Congo and Middle East assessments, it proved that the two-thirds majority in the General Assembly which we had come to depend upon, and which made peace-keeping action possible outside of the Security Council, has faded away. A United Nations force in Vietnam will be small and manned by a balanced force of "Socialist" and "non-Socialist" lesser powers. It will be initiated and, most probably, directly controlled by the Security Council, and thus subject to Soviet veto.

Punch; Ben Roth

"Mother, Why Can't They Make Every *Day a Holy Day?"*

This rather awkward state of affairs is not solely a product of Soviet intransigence but the inevitable dilemma of an international organization which has been forced to take direct action in situations involving the conflicting national interests of great powers. The very success of peace-keeping operations in the past has made the great powers the more jealous of their control over the organization. The Soviets reacted to the outcome of the UN venture in the Congo no more violently than we would react to a similar situation in, say, the Dominican Republic. Perhaps even more important, the United Nations will not allow itself to become involved in policing a Vietnam cease-fire unless there is a reasonable prospect of success. The organization is currently much too weak, both financially and spiritually, to accept the burden of someone else's failures in Vietnam.

It is not surprising that the Secretary-General has been so insistent on having the NLF participate in any proposed peace talks. If the Vietcong is not satisfied with the terms of a peace settlement, a small

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UN force is not going to impose compliance when more than 200,000 American troops and the entire armed forces of South Vietnam have failed. Thus, even with the support of both the United States and the USSR the UN cannot realistically consider policing a truce without active Vietcong cooperation.

It should not be forgotten that although the International Control Commission, which grew out of the Geneva Accords of 1954, may have been unduly handicapped by its small size and an overabundance of petty complaints, the lack of any real cooperation from either the North or South Vietnamese governments doomed it from the outset. A bigger force would have been no more successful then, and without the cooperation of all sides collapse would come even sooner today.

A workable peace settlement would seem to be dependent on the successful integration of the Vietcong into the political structure of South Vietnam. In such a situation, a United Nations peace-keeping and observer force could be quite effective in overseeing the withdrawal of North Vietnamese and American forces, controlling the release of prisoners of war, guaranteeing amnesty to guerrilla forces leaving the country, and even supervising elections. Without at least the minimal support of the actively engaged forces, including the Vietcong, it could do none of these.

It will be difficult to reach a workable peace settlement, but not impossible. The Vietnamese have been fighting for more than twenty years; neither side wants to continue the slaughter. The neutral aid facilities of the United Nations could do a great deal to help a war-weary Vietnam recover its strength and identity.

The United States has a vital stake in the future of the United Nations. Its potential for peacefully solving the disputes of the great powers still offers our best hope of survival in the nuclear age. We cannot afford to sacrifice that potential to cover our own failures elsewhere.

The Tactics of a Truce

Jack D. Forbes

To one degree or another all the parties engaged in the Vietnamese civil war profess a desire for peace, and yet the war continues. In part this is because no peace proposals made by either side have thus far included guarantees to protect the interests of all participants. The North Vietnamese and the National Liberation Front appear to desire conditions very unfavorable to the Saigon junta and the United States, while the latter groups appear intent upon the annihilation or disappearance of the NLF. No peace can be arranged until conditions are set forth which recognize the interests of all Vietnamese factions, including tribal groups, Buddhists and neutralists.

In making any peace proposal, it must be assumed that all parties truly desire an end to hostilities, providing only that their relative positions of strength are not diminished by the immediate postwar stage of developments. Any *serious* peace proposal must realistically respect that condition.

The first step in any move toward peace would be the recognition by the United States that the Vietnamese war is a civil war, that the several most interested participants—NLF, Buddhists, tribesmen, neutralists, Saigon junta leaders, North Vietnamese, Catholics, et al.—deserve recognition as legitimately concerned groups and that no one of these parties can pretend to speak for the South Vietnamese or the Vietnamese as a whole. The United States must also face the quite obvious fact that the Saigon junta has no claim to call itself a legitimate government, being merely the end result of numerous unconstitutional seizures of power. It has no more claim to represent the South Vietnamese people than does the NLF or FULRO (the tribal alliance). In brief, there is no government in South Vietnam, but rather several factions engaged in a military-political struggle. And the United States must admit that it is the only significant non-Vietnamese participant in the civil war and that if it were not for the United States intervention the war would doubtless involve only Vietnamese.

Any serious peace proposal must, I believe, rest upon the following principles: (1) that a cease-fire must be arranged as a precondition for real negotiations under United Nations supervision; (2) that only the United Nations can properly supervise the transition to peace; (3) that South Vietnam will have to be under international control for a number of years to prevent a resumption of the civil war or the seizure of power by one faction; and (4) that all interested parties must not only be involved in the peace negotiations but must be provided with face-saving arrangements which will give all groups the opportunity for claiming a moral if not a military victory. I believe that the following proposal meets these conditions.

A cease-fire should immediately be arranged, on the basis of existing "fronts," no matter how complicated the boundaries may be. Second, all military units in South Vietnam should be immediately placed under United Nations command and all non-Vietnamese (principally U.S.) and North Vietnamese troops should be withdrawn under United Nations supervision according to a carefully arranged schedule.

At the same time that United States, North Vietnamese, Australian and South Korean troops are evacuated, equivalent numbers of United Nations units, derived from neutralist or nonaligned nations, should be introduced. Once all foreign and North Vietnamese troops have been replaced, a coalition government should be created, representing all factions, including tribal groups and non-Vietnamese minorities. As soon as conditions are appropriate, within perhaps six months, free elections should be held under the close supervision of United Nations authorities. Proportional representation for all parties and factions should be guaranteed, so as to insure the participation of all groups.

The United Nations forces should remain in South Vietnam for a period of at least five years subsequent to the first free elections and at least one year after the second free elections in order to guarantee that no powerful faction violates constitutional guarantees in the interim. Such a United Nations presence

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should also guarantee full freedom of speech and political activity.

During the five-year (minimum) period of United Nations supervision, the armed forces of all South Vietnamese factions should be demobilized and replaced by a minimum-sized police force under civilian control. Likewise, the Mekong River Project (or a similar scheme of economic development) should be implemented. The United States should—as it easily can—bear much of the cost of both the UN operation and the Mekong project.

Such a procedure as proposed above would, I believe, provide adequate protection for all factional interests. It would avoid further bloodshed and allow the South Vietnamese time in which to determine their own destiny. It would make full use of the United Nations, the only agency designed to settle a conflict such as exists in Vietnam. Finally, it would set a precedent for United Nations interim control of contested regions which might well be useful in Laos, Korea, Germany and elsewhere.

POVERTY, INJUSTICE and the WELFARE STATE

Part 1: An Ombudsman for the Poor?

Richard A. Cloward & Richard M. Elman

Americans think of justice primarily in connection with agencies of law enforcement, for such agencies have drastic powers, even over life itself. But at a time when the United States Supreme Court is upholding the right to counsel in criminal proceedings of all kinds and otherwise curbing infringements of individual liberties by law-enforcement agencies, it needs to be said that many other government agencies have only slightly less drastic powers, especially over low-income people. It is no small matter that a person may be arbitrarily defined as ineligible for public relief, no small matter that he may be arbitrarily evicted from a public-housing project. There are few institutionalized safeguards against the potentially unjust exercise of power by governmental "poor agencies," and virtually no place where low-income people can turn for assistance in availing themselves of the channels of redress that do exist.

In America, we continue to define poverty as resulting from all manner of personal devils which must be exorcised with commensurate autos-da-fé. England, by contrast, has moved far beyond the Elizabethan "poor-law" concepts which still dominate much of America's orientation toward the impoverished. Our welfare state is accordingly characterized by a lawlessness, a discrimination by class and race, a disregard for human rights and dignity, and a niggardliness that are recurrent, often routine, if not institutionalized. And if our social-welfare system is regularly unjust, it is because American public opinion about the poor makes it so.

There is a plethora of evidence to support this view. For one thing, America spends as small a proportion of its tax dollar on social-welfare programs as any other major social-welfare nation in the West; furthermore, if the changing value of the dollar is taken into account, we spend little more now than two decades ago. For another, the notion that our welfare programs are chiefly for the poor is a persisting fiction. In fact, most of the economic innovations of the last few decades have not substantially aided those for whom poverty is a desperate and constant condition. Social security payments, for example, mostly benefit working-class persons, and not all of them at that.

The regularly unemployed poor have not, to cite another example, gotten unemployment compensation, for one must have been employed to become eligible. Although this measure may protect a good many working-class people from the worst consequences of unemployment (at least temporarily), it is no great boon to the unemployable or the chronically unemployed. In retrospect, it seems fair to say that the chief function of this benefit is to enable the temporarily unemployed person to avoid the "means" or "poverty" test required of the chronically poor, who struggle daily to establish and maintain eligibility for the dole. Unlike the applicant for public assistance, who is obliged to divest himself of many assets while on relief, the working-class person can obtain economic benefits without having his insurance, savings and automobile attached. Working-class groups have not only increased their share in the fruits of the institution of private property through union organization; they have also understood the necessity of finding ways to secure themselves against such tides of economic misfortune as might thrust them back. The programs of the welfare state are one among many mechanisms by which these groups insure the continuity of their status.

Legislation for the poor, by contrast, makes benefits available to as few as possible, and then only under the most trying and degrading conditions. The New Deal established a huge public-welfare program under federal-state-local auspices, but great numbers of our poorest citizens are even now systematically excluded. Every state in the Union has passed laws withholding public-welfare benefits from persons not residents in the state for some specified period of time. In Michigan, for example, some public benefits are available only to people who have lived in the state for five of the nine years preceding application. For decades, residency provisions have penalized the poorest elements in the society, especially rural migrants within our borders and those crossing from Puerto Rico. Efforts to repeal these laws

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have been stubbornly resisted. New York—perhaps the most liberal state and certainly one of the wealthiest—has barely resisted the temptation to promulgate a more stringent residence law: such legislation has actually reached the governor during the past decade but was vetoed.

Residence laws probably violate the constitutional right to cross state boundaries without penalty. They are not the only examples of legislation governing "poor agencies" which are of questionable constitutionality. Issues of "equal protection" are constantly posed in the welfare structure. One is the requirement that self-supporting relatives (who already pay income taxes to support social-welfare programs) be taxed again to support their indigent kin. "Relative-responsibility" laws have been successfully reversed in some state courts, under the "equal-protection" clause of the Constitution, but no cases have yet reached the federal courts where more binding precedents could be established.

Efforts to secure liberalizing legislation founder much of the time, for powerful groups across the country are working to make the social-welfare apparatus even worse. At various times, it has been proposed that desertion be declared a federal offense if a family is receiving public assistance, that sterilization of welfare recipients who continue to bear illegitimate children be made mandatory, and that conviction for a felony be made grounds to deny any form of assistance. Even at a time when many wonder whether automation will not throw huge numbers into enforced idleness, programs of work relief which verge on peonage are continually being put forth. Although many of these proposals never pass into law, a good many do. A number of states, for example, have ceilings on public-welfare grants to penalize large families, ostensibly to depress the birth rate among the poor. In two states, Nebraska and Iowa, courts have declared these laws to be violations of "equal protection" on the ground that the child in a large family needs to eat as much as the child in a small family.

That the legislative framework of our social-welfare system is becoming more humane is, therefore, open to debate. Gains can be pointed to, but there are setbacks; and it must be recognized that some of the most regressive legislation has been passed in recent years. In the late fifties and early sixties, for example, a number of states passed "suitable-home laws" in response to public outrage over disclosures of high rates of illegitimacy on public-welfare case loads. Louisiana passed a law that any woman who had had illegitimate children while on welfare could be denied further aid, and more than 20,000 mothers and children were immediately struck from the rolls. Other legislatures, as in Florida, gave mothers a choice: surrender your illegitimate children for placement (i.e., institutionalization) or be dropped from the rolls. Thousands of mothers elected to give up assistance rather than their children, and the Florida Department of Welfare, calculating to the second decimal place the millions saved, put itself before the public in subsequent annual reports as a model of administrative efficiency and moral virtue. But in Michigan, where a similar law was passed, mothers who chose to leave the rolls found that the state was determined to get their children anyway: after living for a few months in absolute poverty, they were brought into court on charges of physical neglect, and the children were forcibly removed from their homes.

A characteristic of our welfare state is that administrative practice is almost always worse than statute. Broad grants of discretion in doling out benefits are given to administrators because there is no consensus at the legislative level concerning concepts of social welfare. Some measure of discretion is inevitable, for no set of statutes can provide firm guidelines for all the varied circumstances that will be presented for decision. Legislators assume that those who carry out the laws will be reasonable and prudent men, possessed of common sense if not of the uncommon sense to divine the intent of vague and ambiguous statutes. But in areas as controversial as social welfare, the language of statutes may be purposely vague, since greater specificity would reveal more sharply the differences among contending political groups and would thereby foreclose the possibility of any legislation at all. The task of explicating the statutes then falls upon the welfare bureaucracies, so that the po-

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litical struggle shifts from the legislature to the arenas of administration.

The struggle to control the discretion of the administrator is, for the low-income person, an unequal one. Those he confronts are organized and powerful, whether taxpayers' associations, newspapers, civic groups, professional societies or political actors. They have the resources to maintain constant watch over agency practices, the knowledge to frame issues and put forward policies, and the power to influence and activate sectors of the populace in behalf of these policies. Lacking comparable weapons, the low-income person is merely a refugee from a battle that alternately rages and dies down, shifting from one area of his existence to another. Whether the field of battle is his morals (if in public housing), or his willingness to work (if on public welfare), he is its victim.

Housing for the poor is an instructive case in the operation of administrative discretion. Faced with far more applicants than can be accommodated, housing officials have had to make choices. In the process they have come to be only incidentally concerned about the need of applicants. They have established elaborate screening techniques to rebuff the unworthy, whatever their need, thereby erecting defenses against the continual charge that public moneys are being used to subsidize immorality. Applicants can thus be rejected (and quite regularly are) if they have illegitimate or retarded children, have been separated from a spouse two or more times, are alcoholic, or display what is defined as obnoxious behavior at the application interview. Families on welfare with illegitimate children are shunned—a curious policy by which eligibility for one meager public benefit disqualifies a family for another. And so it is that agencies established to dispense money and other material benefits become guardians of public morality.

But the chief characteristic of public agencies serving the poor is not the punitive use of lawful discretion; it is the exercise of unlawful discretion—the promulgation of administrative rules and procedures which undoubtedly violate either constitutional provisions or the immediate statutes governing departments. No more vivid evidence can be cited of the enormous impact of political pressures upon these agencies. The most flagrant example in a history of flagrant abuses is the "after-midnight raid" on ADC mothers—an unannounced visit, without benefit of warrant, in which a home is searched for male attire that might be taken as evidence that a man (whether husband or not) is available and presumably capable of providing support, or for some suggestion of immoral activities or child neglect, any of which might justify terminating benefits. (During the past summer, candidates for office in Nassau County—both the Democrat and the Republican-Liberal — asserted the right of the district attorney's office to make such raids; the Conservative candidate denounced the practice.) These actions surely violate constitutional prohibitions against illegal search and seizure. They are, nevertheless, conducted by virtually every welfare department in the country. When an Oakland, Calif., welfare worker refused to take part in a raid in January, 1962, he was dismissed for insubordination, and is now suing for reinstatement through the appeals courts of that state. At one stage of the proceedings, the state argued that people taking public assistance waive certain rights, not the least being the right to privacy.

Another instance of lawless discretion is revealed in the way relative-responsibility statutes are applied (assuming for the moment that they are constitutional). Laws in each state designate the categories of relatives who are to be considered responsible, but administrators expand on legislative intent by instructing staff to seek out additional categories of relatives (and even friends) as potential "financial resources." When such sources of support are located, the applicant may be denied assistance, or his grant may be arbitrarily reduced by an amount presumed to be available elsewhere.

Or consider the administration of New York's "welfare-abuses law," passage of which followed hard on the Newburgh controversy. This statute, a residency law, provides that a person may be denied benefits *only* if it can be shown that he came into the state for the express purpose of securing them. It stipulates that the burden of proof is on the local welfare department, and that emergency relief must be granted pending a factual determination on the issue of motive. As a practical matter, however, the mere fact that an applicant is from out of state is often taken as prima facie evidence of intent to collect welfare. Many thousands of families have been illegally disqualified since passage of the law in 1962.

But administrative lawlessness is not limited to matters of initial eligibility for benefits. Once on the welfare rolls, recipients in need of special grants of many kinds—for winter clothing, furniture, apartment security, for example—frequently fail to secure them. There are at least three reasons. The law states that requests for all grants must be investigated, frequently by a home visit, and overburdened departments cannot always spare the manpower. In addition, under pressure to conserve funds, departments often ignore requests for special grants. Finally, because of high turnover, public-welfare employees frequently do not themselves know what benefits the applicants are entitled to and how these can be obtained for them. For instance, welfare recipients in New York who live in rat-infested buildings can receive a so-called "rat allowance" to cover the cost of keeping their lights burning all night long; few welfare workers seem to know about special grants of this kind and few clients are told of them. By such practices, welfare clients are routinely deprived of substantial cash entitlements.

The American poor may not be able to protect themselves from injustice, but affluent groups can. As governmental powers proliferate, middle-class people are also becoming objects of abuses. Accustomed to having their rights respected, they are calling for restraints against government.

Traditionally, representative democracies have relied upon the legislator to mediate between the citizen and the public agency. With the growth of government, however, this arrangement—never very effective—has become mired down in complaints. To cope with the situation, a European legislative innovation, called the Ombudsman, has been proposed for America. Developed in Sweden more than 150 years ago, this innovation has evolved and spread to all other Scandinavian countries and to a number of nations in the British

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Commonwealth. Last October, the cause of the Ombudsman got a special boost when the British Labour government decided to establish such an office, even preserving the Scandinavian title.* On January 1 of this year, a somewhat modified version of the Ombudsman was established in Laval, Canada (a suburb of Quebec City); it is the first in North America.

The Ombudsman is a "justice officer," or "citizen's defender." He is usually a highly respected senior member of the judiciary or a renowned professor in law, and is assisted by a small staff of lawyers. Appointed by and responsible to a legislative body—in most countries where the Ombudsman exists, to a parliament—he is charged to investigate all complaints from citizens. In Denmark, for example, the Ombudsman is obliged by statute "to keep himself informed as to whether any person under his jurisdiction [i.e., any civil servant] pursues unlawful ends, makes arbitrary or unreasonable decisions, or otherwise commits mistakes or acts of negligence in the discharge of his duties." If complaints from citizens are declared valid, the offending functionary is asked to provide redress; if invalid, no reprisals can be taken against the complainant.

Typical complaints involve the right of a postman to have in writing the grounds for a disciplinary action against him (the Ombudsman agreed, saying that governmental agencies should routinely inform citizens of the reasons for official decisions); the denial of unemployment benefits to a plumber on what he alleged was inaccurate evidence (the Ombudsman agreed, castigating officialdom for not procuring complete and reliable evidence); a businessman's charge that a national bank required him to conduct all his business with them in writing because he had been abusive to bank employees (the Ombudsman referred the complaining businessman to the ordinary courts which he said had jurisdiction); a charge that the grounds for federal grants for road construction, made selectively to municipalities each year, had not been explained (the Ombudsman ruled for the complaining municipality, saying that criteria of selection should be published).

*The British action followed the notorious Crichel Down affair, in which the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries tried to rid itself of a particularly irksome farmer by ordering his lands to be confiscated, an action which led to a Question before Parliament.

Judging from a newly published volume of essays about Ombudsmanship around the world,* bureaucratic excesses have been effectively curbed by this legislative officer. The success of the Ombudsman is all the more remarkable because his powers are usually limited to investigation and recommendation. The Ombudsman typically publishes recommendations and can thus embarrass the bureaucracies. Representatives of the press are frequently permitted to comb through his correspondence, and his activities ordinarily make news. He is also empowered to make broad recommendations for new legislation intended to remedy sources of injustice by governmental agencies. And because of the esteem in which he is typically held, his recommendations are nearly always heeded. The Ombudsman's chief strength thus derives from intangibles: his personality, his public prestige, the support he cultivates in the press. He cannot, in short, move much beyond public opinion.

Within recent months, a spate of articles have appeared proposing that a parallel complaints office be developed at all levels of American government. Sweden's present Ombudsman, Alfred Bexelius, was interviewed in *The New Yorker*. An article in *Harper's* by Marion K. Sanders suggested that the creation of an Ombudsman might appease Negro demands for citizen review boards to take up complaints of police brutality. In the *New York Times Magazine*, Rep. Henry Reuss of Wisconsin explained his proposal to establish a nonpartisan "Office of Congressional Counsel." Similar bills have been proposed in state legislatures and municipal councils across the country. The general idea has been endorsed by civil liberties groups for both national and local government.

Proponents of American Ombudsmanship would endow the office with an immense purview. "If there are no avenues for correcting maladministration," Congressman Reuss has pointed out in the *Christian Century*, "programs for the general welfare, such as Social Security, public housing, and veterans' benefits, are full of possibilities for human injustice." Ralph Nader has listed the following abuses with which an Ombudsman proposed for Connecticut might wish to deal:

> *. . . preferential treatment and influence peddling, inadequate or unpublished regulations, wrongful detention, state police over-zealousness or laxity, unjust procedures in agency hearings, arbitrary censorship or secrecy, agency reluctance or refusal to give explicit reasons for decisions, patronage excesses, inefficiencies and delays by state personnel, undesirable conditions in prisons and mental institutions, payoffs and kickbacks in state contracts, and discriminatory enforcement or flagrant non-enforcement of state laws.*

Given the growing concern here about governmental abuses, it is

*Donald C. Rowat, *The Ombudsman: Citizen's Defender* (with 29 contributors, including Ombudsmen from thirteen countries), Toronto, Canada: University of Toronto Press, 1965, 361 pp. All quotations, unless otherwise noted, are taken from this volume.

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possible that various adaptations of this mechanism will presently emerge in the United States. The likelihood that they will protect the rights of the poor therefore deserves careful scrutiny.

Debate about an American Ombudsman has thus far focused on questions of governmental organization: would an American complaints officer weaken rather than strengthen the traditional role of legislators as Ombudsmen en masse; could an institution nurtured in parliamentary systems be successfully adapted to governments marked by separation of powers; would the use of this device not give American courts further grounds for avoiding politically controversial issues in favor of narrowly technical ones? It has been assumed, and not debated, that the Ombudsman's services would be found equally effective by all American citizens. But the poor of our nation still confront special problems of injustice that have been resolved in most other welfare states, and discussions about the Ombudsman have not even approached a full appreciation of this fact.

In the United States, procedures to review the decisions of public departments have been successful when they found support in public opinion. The Loyalty Review Board, to cite one instance, compiled an extraordinary record, only one of its many recommendations having been spurned by a public department. Years after its abolition, the courts held that it had exceeded its legal authority; but its actions were hardly held to be excessive in the court of public opinion. An Ombudsman for the poor will fail for precisely the reason that the Loyalty Review Board succeeded: his recommendations would run counter to public attitudes toward the rights of the poor.

In countries where the Ombudsman has succeeded, social-welfare principles are generally accepted, even by conservatives. Compared with America, the poor in these countries have a tradition of political organization, often radical in ideology. Through political organizations—such as the British Labour Party—the poor have decisively influenced the shape of social-welfare legislation in their interests. By contrast, pressures to reform the welfare apparatus in this country have originated primarily in very limited sectors of the middle-class community, unaided by organized demands from the poor themselves. Deprived of this allied base of power, middle-class reformers have had to compromise the interests of the poor. Knowing of the injustice of social-welfare practices, but fearing that disclosures of any kind might arouse a dormant and hostile public opinion, reformers have worked "behind the scenes" and have not attacked the system forthrightly and

publicly. They have found it necessary, in effect, to conspire with administrators (tacitly, at least) to conceal the full facts from the public. This accounts in part for the widespread ignorance that most Americans exhibit about the welfare apparatus and its abuses.

In America, then, all faces are turned against the welfare apparatus. Everyone seeks to secure the release of the poor from what is defined as the bondage of "welfare colonialism" or from the psychological entrapment allegedly induced by prolonged dependence on the dole. Only the strategies differ: conservatives would make welfare practices more punitive than they are to deter men from dependency; liberals would lift the poor from dependency by equipping them to become economically competitive. Even the crusade against poverty is a crusade against public welfare; Mr. Shriver has repeatedly stressed that the Office of Economic Opportunity does not sanction "handouts."

Concepts of economic individualism also permeate the civil rights movement. The movement calls upon Americans to strike down historic barriers to individual achievement such that the poor may rise, one by one, into higher economic strata. The Negro is said to want to share in America's wealth on the same idealized terms and by the same idealized means as other groups. Thus consumer boycotts have been organized primarily to enlarge opportunities for the employment of individual Negroes, especially in white-collar positions. Out of deference to this ideology, "compensatory programs" in education and "quotas" in employment have not been pressed hard, for they seem antithetical to a social order based on the theory of open competition and individual merit. This same way of thinking accounts in no small part for the fervor with which so many now embrace the philosophy of the Office of Economic Opportunity—especially as it is symbolized in skills-investment programs like preschool education and youth-employment training. The great mass of poor whose daily lives are controlled by the "poor agencies" thus have neither defenders nor have they organized to defend themselves.

Given these compelling political facts, one derives no reassurance from the observation that Ombudsmen throughout the world cultivate success by carefully selecting cases "of a decidedly nonpolitical nature." Such judicious screening would, in the United States, eliminate from purview most administrative injustices perpetrated upon the poor. It is important to understand, then, that Ombudsmanship is not a substitute for basic reform, and that only reform will produce justice for the poor. The Ombudsman cannot overturn whole systems of law and administrative practice that are rooted in the culture and politics of a nation. He is not a legislature, or a chief executive, or a court of law. He merely polices functionaries in public agencies according to prevailing values: Ombudsmanship, one observer has noted, "cannot cure all administrative ills. It will work successfully only in a country, province or state that is already reasonably well administered. When an administration is riddled with political patronage or corruption . . . a reform of the whole system is required."

And, one might add, when a social-welfare system is rooted in contempt for its beneficiaries, it is also the system that must be reformed, for the injustices spawned

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are countless. Taking up these individual cases of injustice, there being literally hundreds of thousands to contemplate, is a task that would shortly overwhelm an American citizen-defender of any kind. It would require, if nothing else, an investigatory apparatus as large as the system being surveyed and policed.

Advocates of an American Ombudsman have not been altogether unmindful of the pressures of public opinion to which the office would be exposed, although it is not opinion about poverty that they have in mind. Rather, they point generally to our loose federalism and diversity of national opinion. The Ombudsman has grown up in countries that are relatively homogeneous, especially in the factor of race. Economically and racially, the United States is among the most heterogeneous countries for which the mechanism has as yet been proposed. Consequently, it has been suggested that early experiments with the office might better be undertaken locally than nationally. There, presumably, one would encounter less diverse population grouping, and the task of cultivating public opinion would be easier.

But group conflicts, along both class and racial lines, are deeper the closer one gets to the local community. In recent years, disputes about integration in education, employment and housing have evoked bitter antagonism at the local level, and local officials have been virtually immobilized because of apparently irreconcilable differences among their constituents. By and large, federal perspectives on social welfare have been more liberal; most local practices would be much more punitive were it not for pressures from federal agencies. At a time when the Congress has been passing historic civil rights legislation, state bodies have been passing residence laws and suitable-home laws, not to speak of regressive laws in other categories, which partly reflect growing racial tensions. In New York, mounting pressure for an unqualified residence law stems from the in-migration of both Negroes and Puerto Ricans, for the high proportion of these groups on welfare rolls makes them vulnerable to attack by conservative political interests. As the Negro continues to strike at the roots of historic patterns of class and racial dominance, tensions will undoubtedly mount, and further punitive social-welfare legislation and practices at the local level may result.

Countries where the Ombudsman has been effective also tend to have high standards of public service. The success of the Ombudsman partly depends upon responsible and responsive government functionaries. America's social-welfare agencies have slowly been professionalizing, and one might see in these improved standards of personnel training an omen favorable to an Ombudsman for the poor. There is reason to doubt that this is so. Professional ideology is rooted in political ideology. Reflecting the values of their culture, American professional groups have not argued for the rights of the poor or for the legitimacy of dependency. Rather they have said that introducing better-trained personnel into the welfare apparatus will eliminate moralistic punitive practices and supplant them by scientific, rehabilitative ones. But whether strategies are puritanical or professional, the poor are still to be lifted from dependency in spite of themselves. Rehabilitative services should, of course, be extended to those who can use them, but submitting to such technical services should not be made a condition for access to economic and other material benefits; and that is how professionals have always seen it. Public housing, for example, now employs many kinds of professionals. If management finds the behavior of a tenant objectionable, he may be required to accept some form of therapy upon pain of eviction. Professionals have thus become new agents in an enveloping fabric of bureaucratic control of the poor and are, if only unwittingly, part of the problem that needs correcting. When an unwed mother makes application for public housing in New York City for herself and her children, to cite a further example, she is routinely referred to what the Housing Authority calls its "social consultation unit." There professionals employ their higher skills to make a determination of her "suitability"—not her need—for residence in a public project. Thus the rights of the poor are jeopardized as much by those who find legitimacy for their practices in the sciences as by those who find it in the scriptures.

Before an Ombudsman (or any other policing mechanism) can be of much aid to the poor, basic reforms of governmental poor agencies are required. How pressure for reform might be developed will be discussed next week.

World Trade Center

Manhattan's Tower of Babel . . . Desmond Smith

This month, in a section of New York that calls itself the "home electronics capital of America," several hundred merchants find themselves in the meanest fight of their lives. At stake is "their" 16-acre chunk of lower Manhattan. At issue is whether the Port Authority will take it from them. If it does then "Radio Row" will be bulldozed into the Hudson River; in its place will rise two supercolossal office buildings, each 110 stories high, known as the World Trade Center. Such being the working methods of the public relations tribe these days, it is perhaps worth mentioning that the chief tenant of the so-called World Trade Center will be the state of New York. More than a quarter of the vast complex will be occupied by civil servants. As they gaze down at the declining port of New York they may well wonder what their problems of sewage in Syracuse, snow clearance in Oswego, or child care in Ossining have to do with world trade.

However, the methods used by central cities, suburban governments, public authorities and all who are in any way involved in bond-financed urban redevelopment (which nowadays includes such debatable "public benefits" as parking lots, hotels and office buildings) are

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notoriously susceptible to a credibility gap of ever-widening proportions. Unless we grasp the true nature of what is happening in our cities, urban dwellers some fifteen years from now may well have no city to walk in. When the little stores are bulldozed away, the neighborhood inevitably falls along with them. To understand how such changes come about it is worth taking a closer look at the New York Port Authority's battle for 16 acres of downtown New York.

The story begins in 1946, when the New York State legislature created a World Trade Corporation to examine the feasibility of a World Trade Center in New York City. After months of study the corporation urged that the World Trade Center idea be dropped. They recommended instead that New York concentrate on modernizing its deteriorating water front. But the idea of a World Trade Center (for reasons that will subsequently become clear) was too good to be abandoned. And, in 1958, it picked up a formidable sponsor—the Rockefellers.

With their vast wealth gushing forth daily from Standard Oil, the Rockefellers are to New York what the Medicis were to ancient Florence. From banking to real estate, from politics to corporate investments, the Rockefeller position is the one that closes any deal. So when David Rockefeller became interested in the World Trade Center in the late 1950s it was only a question of time before something happened. The first maneuver was to obviate any resistance from the city of New York. To do this, Rockefeller—who heads the Downtown Lower Manhattan Association—deftly suggested that the Port Authority restudy the question of a World Trade Center. It was a good move since the Port Authority, a bistate agency, has become over the years powerful enough to make its own rules about what it will do in New York City. The outraged cries of the neighborhood retailers were, of course, ignored.

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Five years ago, the Port Authority endorsed the project a good one. At a press conference it distributed photographs of a 76-story building which would be known as the World Trade Center. It all seemed reasonable enough unless you happened to be a merchant in the area. Later that same year the New York legislature passed a law authorizing the Port Authority to go ahead. Unfortunately for the sponsors, the New Jersey legislature refused to pass matching legislation. Once more it looked as though the World Trade Center was a dead issue. At this point the story details get a little murky but the outline is fairly clear. A political deal was apparently made between New Jersey and New York. In the middle, playing the role of broker, was none other than David Rockefeller's brother, Governor Nelson. To encourage New Jersey to go along with the Port Authority's plans, the Port Authority agreed to take over New Jersey's near-bankrupt Hudson tubes. Four years ago both states passed matching legislation making the two projects—the World Trade Center and the take-over of the Hudson tubes—"inseparable parts of one unified project."

Meanwhile the financial community's powerful pressure group, the Downtown Lower Manhattan Association, was not idle. Through the "old boy network" it persuaded the Ford Foundation-subsidized Channel 13, an educational television station, to run the propaganda film, *Another Day Downtown*. It was a shameful piece of public relations and brought a sharp rebuke from the FCC. But the real battle was taking place in the courts. The first action was a suit brought by the retailers who operate stores in the area proposed as the site for the World Trade Center. They charged that condemnation proceedings would be a deprivation of property without due process of law. The suit also sought to force the Port Authority into dropping the 76-story-building project altogether. The ground was that this was a taking of private property for other than a public use or purpose. The merchants won in the lower courts. But in the higher courts the Port Authority chose to argue on the grounds of *"public benefit"* rather than *"public use."* In recent years more and more court decisions have turned on the "public-benefit" test. In essence, the courts have said that public — and in some instances, private—money may be spent and private property acquired not only when the property is to be used by the public (a park, a playground) but whenever it benefits the public. This can lead to legal arguments of impregnable circularity. Thus the Port Authority contends the World Trade Center is a "public benefit" since world trade so clearly benefits the citizens of New York.

Two years ago, in a sensational reversal of the lower courts, the New York Court of Appeals ruled in favor of the Port Authority's arguments. One month later, in January, 1964, there came another interesting turn in the Port Authority-Rockefeller strategy. With the court battle won largely on the world trade question, the Authority now revealed new plans. The 76-story World Trade Center was a thing of the past. In its place the press was shown the model of a 16-acre-building complex comprising hotels, restaurants, shops and a 2,000-car parking garage. Towering 110 stories above street level were two gigantic office buildings. The sponsor announced that it would be the world's biggest real estate development—more than 10 million square feet of rentable space.

It will be recalled that the Port Authority argued before the courts the need for a New York World Trade Center "planned to house export-import trade activities of all kinds." Governor Rockefeller, within a week of the announcement of the giant complex, announced that the state offices in New York would all shift into the Port Authority development. There was a broad hint that one of the two buildings would be renamed the New York State Office Building. Perhaps New York City real estate interests should have anticipated that move. The evidence, however, is that Rockefeller caught them completely by surprise. In a second lawsuit begun in September, 1964, the realtors argued that even if the statutes under which the Port Authority acts are constitutional, the intent is not. They assert that the proposed World Trade Center is really a cover for a gigantic real estate venture. Moreover, since the Port Authority enjoys tax-exempt status, the realtors claim that the Authority will be given an additional opportunity

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to increase its revenues at the expense of private enterprise.

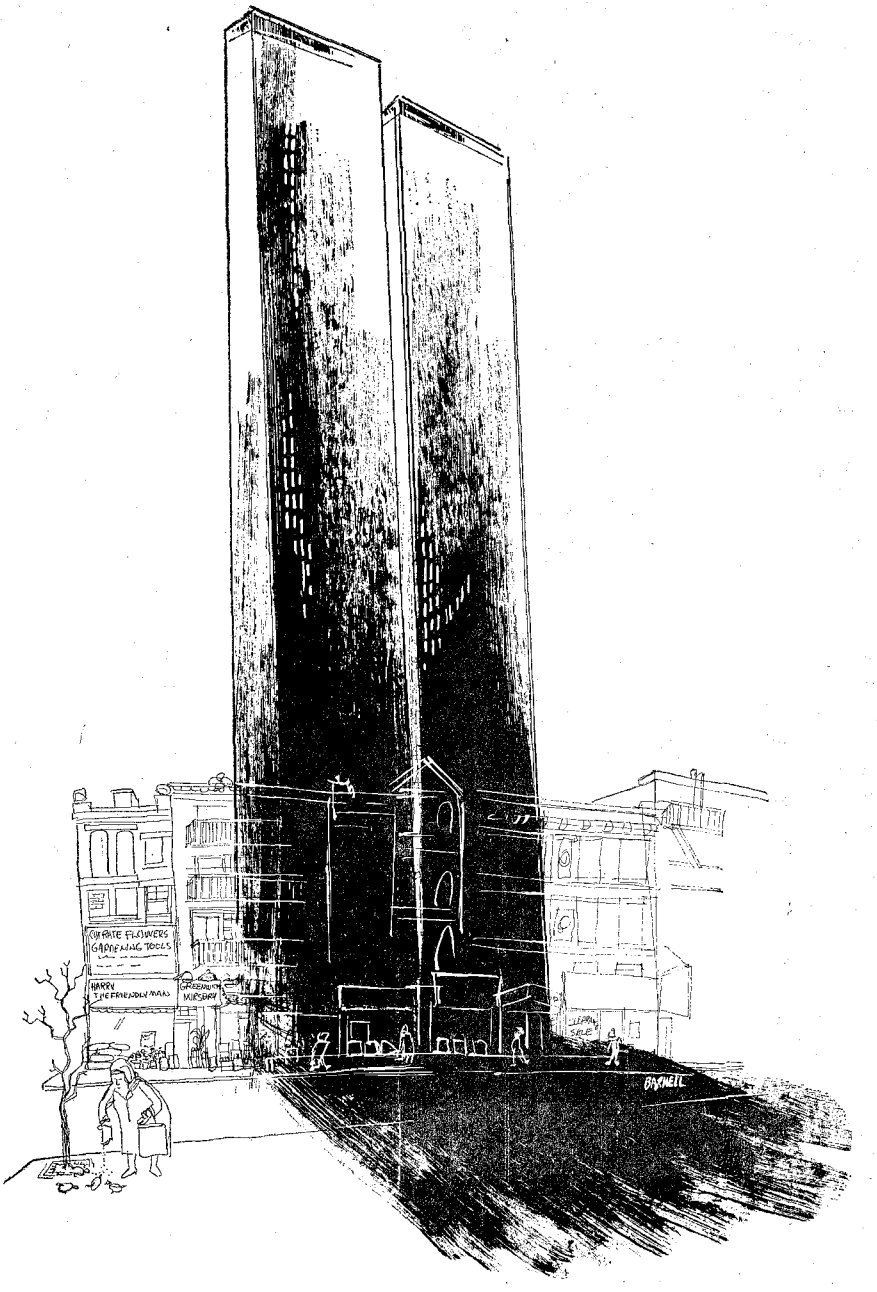
Since world trade is the Port Authority's sole justification for moving this fantastic project into New York City, it is worth noting that as of January, 1965, less than 300,000 of the more than 10 million available square feet had actually been leased to private business. Of this total the major share was taken by five banks, all of which do considerable business with the Port Authority. In spite of numerous junkets abroad, and a hard-sell campaign at home, the Port Authority has so far been unable to interest any *new* businesses involved in foreign trade in moving their operations to New York City and locating in the World Trade Center. WCBS Radio, which has run any number of hard-hitting editorials on this issue says:

> *The Port Authority maintains it will rent all of the Trade Center space to firms and agencies in the export-import field. . . it was on the basis of what is called a public purpose that the Legislatures of New York and New Jersey empowered the Port Authority to condemn private land for the Trade Center. If, however, the complex of export-import industries cannot be attracted to the project, then no trade center is possible, and plainly no public purpose is involved. The taking of private property in that case would amount to willful government destruction. . . .*

How could a public agency, originally created to take charge of terminal and transportation facilities in the Port of New York, run into such trouble by getting involved in a massive real estate development? The reason is complex and it begins with make-work. During its middle age the Port Authority's management has concerned itself less and less with bi-state transportation problems, more and more with floating successful bond issues. Beginning in the early 1920s with a few bridges and tunnels, the Port Authority today is a $1.5 billion empire, controlling air, truck and bus terminals, bridges, tunnels, a railway system, a hotel, several apartment houses, a horse-training track, and much else besides. From the Far Rockaways to Staten Island the Port Authority operates a bewildering variety of what it likes to call "facilities." All of this serves as excellent collateral for its super-inflated debt structure. The bulk of this vast property empire is in New York City. But, under the terms of its bi-state compact, the Port Authority pays no taxes.

In moving in on Manhattan—the richest stretch of real estate in the U.S.—the Authority has offered to pay the city, in lieu of taxes on the Trade Center, the sum of $1.25 million a year. To put this in perspective, a private developer owning the same property would be required to pay approximately $40 million a year! Over the past decade the Port Authority and the Triborough Authority have paid the city in lieu of taxes the minuscule sum of $15 million. Had this prodigious property empire been fully taxed during the ten-year period, financially hard-pressed New York would have received more than $282 million. Not surprisingly, since it is the bond market rather than the public interest that decides matters, all of the appointed officials of the Port Authority come from the financial community.

Where does the Port Authority's enormous income go? Take a look at its 1964 (latest available) financial report. With net revenues of some $78 million, the Authority paid off more than $56 million in debt. In addition it paid interest to the tune of a staggering $20 million on other debt. No wonder bankers love the Port Authority! Of the huge investment in its enterprises, nearly 60 per cent is represented by debt outstanding. This debt, pur-



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chased for the most part by banks, insurance companies, foundations and similar institutions, is the Port Authority's IOU to the real owners of these public facilities. Since the Authority's tax-free bonds are considered a very attractive investment, banks and financial syndicates are always eager to get a piece of the action. Among the half dozen successful bidders for entire bond issues (ranging in value from $3 million to $50 million) David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan Bank is most consistently in the winner's circle.

It may well happen that the Port Authority will win this fight against the merchants and tenants of Radio Row. Practically speaking, getting the sleepy legislators of New Jersey and New York to revoke the enacting legislation would take some doing. But there is a growing dissatisfaction with the Port Authority's business methods among serious-minded citizens in both states. A major factor in this deplorable situation has been the ability of a small band of wealthy business leaders—led by David Rockefeller — to override the city of New York. This was made possible by the existence of a public authority that has grown arrogant and powerful with the years. Many of these "independent" authorities came into being when state tax revenues were small and when authorities seemed like a neat legal device to get around state debt limits. Nowadays there is something anachronistic in a system that allows a public agency—without benefit of public hearings—to appropriate a man's home or business to make way for another man's business. As the law stands presently the Port Authority's power is absolute:

> *. . . such determination shall not be affected by the fact that such property has theretofore been taken for and is then devoted to a public use: but the public use in the hands or under the control of the Port Authority shall be deemed superior to the public use in the hands of any other person, association, or corporation.*

When a New York City official was shown this particular section of the enabling act he gasped: "Why, with this power, they could even take city hall!"

I'd be inclined to say that to a very large extent the Port Authority has already taken over city hall. This has come about because New York is underrepresented in the state capital. The city, with 55 per cent of the population of the state, contributes nearly 75 per cent of all state taxes. Yet it gets back less than 60 per cent in state aid. For nearly forty-five years the Port Authority has made up much of the difference. Holders of Authority bonds have put up much of the capital for basic New York services, while New York's tax dollars have gone upstate never to return. As a result the Port Authority has become more responsive to its bondholders than to New York City taxpayers. Mayor Lindsay is credited with wanting to change these unsatisfactory arrangements. It will be interesting to see what happens to the sweet scheme to take over 16 tax-free acres of Manhattan if Mayor Lindsay and public opinion move against the Rockefellers and the vulnerable Port Authority.

LIBERALISM: OPPORTUNITY from IMPASSE

Frank A. Warren III

Liberalism today is under attack from a rising younger generation of radicals. What this means for the future of the Left is hard to say. It may be that the country has become so bureaucratized and anaesthetized that, with clever political handling, Johnson (or whatever "liberal" succeeds him) may smother this new radical impulse. The Schlesinger-Lerner position may yet prevail. But, then, as such disparate figures as John Dewey or Oswald Garrison Villard might remind us: liberalism has had a conscience. It is entirely possible that we are in for significant changes and convolutions; if so, we can say that contemporary liberalism has reached an impasse. This belongs to the future, however. And it is not the purpose of this article to prophesy, but to suggest that a historical perspective might at least help those liberals eager for a breakthrough to define where they are and how they got here. For this will not be the first nor, I believe, even the second impasse that liberalism has faced in the last thirty years; it will be the third.

Liberal intellectuals faced their first impasse in 1935. That was the year when many liberals joined hands with the Communists in the popular front. Historians have rightly noted the external factors—the rise of fascism in Europe and the threat of fascism at home—that pushed liberals into this move. But they have tended to neglect the problems that had developed within liberal thought itself since the beginning of the depression. The liberal position had come under the influence of Marx without developing a Marxist ideology. It had become aware of the dangers from the Right and the disastrous divisions on the Left without arriving at a maneuver for ending sectarianism. It had sensed the burgeoning social forces and new ideologies in Europe without altering its world view. It had moved swiftly past the moral absolutes of the progressive intellect without solving the problems of relativism. Finally, in the concept of national economic planning, it had gone beyond capitalist reformism without embracing either socialism or communism. It is this impasse in development, essentially an arrest of ideology, that accounts for the success of the popular front.

To many liberals it seemed that the popular front satisfied the need for ideology. To be sure, the ideology was rudimentary: it posited a basic conflict in history between "forward-looking," "progressive" forces and "retrogressive," "backward-looking" forces. That this ideology was often no more than crude sloganeering did not lessen its impact: here was a cluster of ideas that went beyond the *status quo*, but did not

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New York Times, 1938

present itself in strict Marxist terminology. Since the early thirties, liberalism had been trying to move in the advance guard of history without committing itself to Marxist dogma. The popular front answered that need.

At the same time, the character of popular-front ideology was superficially nonsectarian. The impatience with internal division, the demand for unity that went far beyond any Communist manipulation (and which included liberals who refused to cooperate in the popular front), could be satisfied by the majestic opposition of progressive and backward social forces. In January, 1936, *The New Republic* argued that fascism had been growing in the United States by leaps and bounds, while radical groups had been making "faces at one another." Whatever the issues dividing the Left might have been, they said, the situation had changed so that now there was only "one test" for participation in a united front: "Are you for fascism (under that or some other name) or against it? If you are against it . . . that is enough." It was better to risk cooperation with people one did not like or with whom one might not agree on every point than to run the risk of Fascist dictatorship: "against a common enemy you need a common army." [*During this period* The Nation *was setting forth a similar position.* The Editors]

This aspect of popular-front thinking neatly jibed with a dualistic view of the world that predated the thirties, and which had remained stationary, paralyzed by the sudden onrush of fascism. Democracy was being threatened and anyone who did not adhere to this simplistic world view was aiding fascism. Any questioning of the motives or sincerity of the Communists, now leading the Fascist opposition, was dismissed as divisive—sectarianism in the aid of fascism. Moreover, the "progressive" view of Russia's world role made it that much easier for liberalism to embrace a relativistic attitude toward civil liberties. In answer to criticism of their double standard, the editors of *The New Republic* frankly replied that civil liberties were not the only standard, or "even the major premise," for judging countries. In addition, they said, Russian violations differed from the German because of Russia's goal—a classless society. And, unlike the United States Government, the Russian leaders had the excuse of operating in a revolutionary era. During the Moscow trials, the relativity of civil liberties became grounds for "suspending judgment."

Finally, the popular front replaced national economic planning when that attempt at ideology was proving inadequate to cope with the new social forces. The popular front, with its demand for anti-Fascist unity, and its replacement of revolutionary phraseology with "progressive" verbiage, bridged the gap between reform and revolution. The liberal had always been frightened of revolution. For example, George Soule in *The Coming American Revolution*, had tempered the whole process by turning it into a slow evolutionary development. The idea of starting to plan even under the existing system — popular with liberals in the early thirties—had kept one foot securely in the door of reform. The popular-front ideology of anti-Fascist unity diverted attention from drastic planning. It reinforced the tendency of liberals to embrace reform; at the same time, it allowed them to seem radical enough to criticize mere "reformers." Heywood Broun epitomized "advance reform" when he declared in August, 1938: "I am an ardent New Dealer but with the reservation that in my opinion Mr. Roosevelt and his policies are by far too conservative."

Thus the popular-front ideology, replete with slogans, furnished an impetus to liberalism that had seemed lost in early 1935. It replaced sectarianism with the unity that liberals had always demanded; it made evident to all the simplistic view of the world the liberals had insisted on; it skirted Marxist ideology and narrow reformism with a new "forward-looking, progressive" appeal; it re-emphasized and seemed to make valid a double standard of civil liberties; it replaced reliance on an apparently unworkable concept of planning with new anti-Fascist phrases that met the new world forces. Most of all, it mo-

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bilized liberal action into a series of "cooperative" activities for various social causes.

This "cooperation" became the ethos of the popular front. The concept of cooperation among diverse groups was not new; the novelty consisted in the inclusion of totalitarian communism in the "democratic" unity. It is this attempt that has led later commentators to marvel at the naïveté of liberals caught up in the popular front, to emphasize how little *true* cooperation there was and how much manipulation, and to express dismay at what the liberals often rationalized and submerged under the rhetoric of unity. This retrospective judgment would seem to indicate that liberalism has now advanced beyond the popular-front concepts. In many ways it has. Except for a few unreconstructed mourners at the tomb of unity, the mode of thought that prevailed in that period is not typical of contemporary liberals. Is there, then, no significance to the popular front other than its having been an interlude in liberal history that taught liberals the dangers of cooperation with the Communists? There is good reason to believe that an understanding of the popular front bears directly on an understanding of contemporary liberalism: in many ways, contemporary liberalism can be defined as a reaction to the popular-front mind.

Following the collapse of World War II relations between the United States and Russia (which may, in historical perspective, be seen as a kind of popular front between nations), liberals found themselves at a second impasse, analogous to the one that they had faced in 1935. The popular-front ideology was no longer adequate for liberalism, but a new ideology had not arisen to take its place. Social forces could no longer be contained within a black-white world view and a redefinition was in order. At home, the old labor-liberal alliance of the New Deal was under severe attack, and either stringent reformation of the alliance or a broader definition of liberalism was urgent. The conservatives were about to move against civil liberties—in fact, they had already started with the Smith Act—and it was necessary to look again at the rights of individuals in a democratic society. The optimism that many liberals associated with the popular-front mind now seemed inadequate to comprehend the horrors of either Hitler's Germany or Stalin's Russia.

Thus there came a revolt against the popular front that eschewed ideology on one hand, and moved toward a more complex view on the other hand. The old Left-Right division of the world was displaced by a view in which totalitarianism of any sort was seen as a new third force, neither Left nor Right. But since ideology was no longer thought a proper weapon, liberalism had to deal with totalitarianism on an *ad hoc*, "pragmatic," "realistic" basis. The result has been a liberalism committed to defensive action and narrowly conceived containment.

In domestic reaction against what was taken to be a dogmatic alliance with labor, liberalism has tried to broaden its base. Liberal intellectuals now seek to portray the Democratic Party as a multi-interest party—a clear contrast to their forerunners of the thirties, who wished to turn it into a popular-front party. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has compared the New Frontier of John F. Kennedy with the New Nationalism of Theodore Roosevelt, an association that is meant to indicate that both men placed "national interest" and "public good" above the interests of any single social or economic class.

The broad movement toward "consensus" liberalism, culminating in the election of Lyndon Johnson, can be seen in historical perspective as a reaction to the popular-front idea of a liberal-labor alliance. At the same time, the double standard on civil liberties as formulated

William Gropper: New Masses, 1939
"The Reactionaries Are Coming!"

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in the popular-front period has been subjected to re-examination, a re-examination that in some cases—particularly with Sidney Hook—has ended up with very similar philosophical premises: freedom is not an absolute, and therefore restrictions on civil liberties are permissible under certain circumstances. What was used to excuse Russia's abuse of civil liberties in the thirties has come to be used to restrict the civil liberties of Communists. Finally, in reaction against the optimism of the popular front, the pessimistic theology of Reinhold Niebuhr has become influential among secular liberals. The fallibility of man, his proneness to evil, have become liberal as well as conservative clichés since the war, just as man's cooperative propensities and good will were the liberal clichés of the popular front. This shift in the view of human nature has served to justify the "end of ideology" and the narrowly conceived pragmatic politics of contemporary liberalism. It has re-emphasized the impossibility of man's total reconstruction of society around ideological concepts.

Postwar "pragmatic" liberalism carried liberal intellectuals out of their impasse, as the popular-front ideology had carried liberal intellectuals out of their earlier impasse. But it seems fair to ask: has this change been progress? The lessons of Communist subterfuge have been learned by most liberals (J. Edgar Hoover to the contrary) and the sentimental view of unity that masked the horrors of Stalinism has been rejected. But while necessary, these developments hardly constitute the birth of creative liberal political thought. The popular-front ideology was accepted because it provided a rudimentary ideology; today liberals scorn ideology. But they have placed themselves again in the predicament of liberals in the pre-popular-front period: how to comprehend world developments without at least the rudiments of an embracing concept? The end of ideology plus the knowledge of Communist totalitarianism equals Vietnam. It is not an optimistic picture as far as liberalism is concerned. Nor has the new tough-minded, pessimistically based pragmatism helped domestically: too often it has been an excuse for backing off before conservative opposition.

Unmindful of this lack of creativity, contemporary liberals have missed the deeper lessons of the popular front, lessons that revolve around power, the role of the intellectual and the moral callousness of modern man. The liberals of the popular front, believing that it set the pattern of the future, chose to side with history and, therefore, ultimately, with power. It would seem at first glance that the contemporary liberal has transcended this, that he is well aware of the snares and traps that the winning side of history offers in terms of the corruption of power. But what actually has happened is not a lessening of the allure of power but a shifting of terms: the winning side of history has become the winning side of the Democratic Administration in power.

The allure of the sources of influence and power is directly related to the role of the intellectual. The liberal intellectuals of the popular front and the war years revealed an atrophy of the critical functions. Only fascism received its deserved condemnation. In all other areas — or rather, in all "Left" phases—too little was said not simply about Russia but about the New Deal as well. During the Eisenhower years, there was, of course, much discontent and criticism among liberal intellectuals. But one suspects now that their objections were more to the superficial style than to the substance. Under Kennedy, basically the same conservative foreign policy, with all too few brief flashes of hope; the somewhat modified, but essentially similar, conservative economic philosophy; the improved, but far too often ambiguous attitude toward civil rights, were hailed by liberals as a rebirth of liberalism—in, of course, the new "multi-interest," "national-interest" style.

These remarks are admittedly one-sided: there were liberals who objected to the Bay of Pigs; there has been some liberal criticism of Vietnam; this or that domestic program has been found inadequate. But I would suggest that the liberal intellectuals of the popular front, in their desire to be on the winning side of history, all too often became uncritical cheer leaders for the "progressive forces." And today, in their desire to be on the winning side with the present administrators of power, liberal intellectuals are again too often abdicating their role of critics, to become equally unthinking backslappers.

In the end, this liberal greediness to be "in" would be no worse—perhaps even better—than other forms of sycophancy if it had not so often revealed the moral callousness of modern man. The popular-front liberals, with their simplistic ideology and sentimental attachment to the unity of "progressives," betrayed a moral callousness when it came to those who suffered under Stalin's crimes. The contemporary liberal, with his new-found knowledge of totalitarianism, his hard-headed, realistic, tough-minded pragmatism, has temporized with social ills, avoided conflicts with conservatives in the name of consensus, and justified outrageous actions in the name of the "free world." Whether the country is to undertake some new departures in liberalism or whether it will continue to pursue the same path, at least let liberals take stock of where they have arrived. The old shibboleths of the popular front have vanished. But the popular front is relevant today not because, in rejecting it, liberals have progressed so far. As the liberal intellectuals capitulate to power, the popular front serves as a bench mark, reminding us that in coming so far liberals have learned so little.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

poor. . . . That the strategy of the convention did not include a "frontal attack upon the 'American way of public welfare'" appears to me to be a mark of wisdom rather than an evidence of weakness as the authors seem to imply. . . .

One of the most noteworthy things that happened at the convention—nowhere mentioned in the article—was a strong feeling expressed by the fund-raising work group to the delegates that if the poor were ever to really control anti-poverty programs they would have to contribute to the support of the programs themselves.

In the political arena, it was proposed that poor people's organizations run their own candidates for office and that there be "total mobilization for political action." Whatever initial organizing tactics are employed, community-based, anti-poverty and equal rights groups, welded together and coordinated nationally, represent a potential force to be reckoned with on the American political scene.

John L. Erlich

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The Book of Poverty

JEWS WITHOUT MONEY. By Michael Gold. Afterword by Michael Harrington. Avon Books. 240 pp. 75c paper.

Michael Brewster Folsom

No literary achievement of the 1930s has suffered more from the obscurity and calumny which a frightened generation has heaped on that decade than Michael Gold's *Jews Without Money*. It was not "forgotten," like Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep*, nor was it "rediscovered" by Establishment literati. The book was greatly popular; it went through perhaps twenty-five printings between 1930 and 1950. Its author remained a Communist (and a public figure) long after that ceased to be chic. *Jews Without Money* was writ large, and it was erased.

In perverse tribute, Gold's was the first of the "proletarian" works to reappear post-McCarthy, but battle-scarred. Some five years ago the proprietor of the rights to *Jews Without Money* arranged for its publication by a paperback house which otherwise specializes in "Bold, Lusty, Virile Fiction"—without informing Gold of that house's name or repute, and without preventing that house from expurgating the book. The version published did not include Gold's final paragraphs:

> *A man on an East Side soap-box, one night, proclaimed that out of the despair, melancholy and helpless rage of millions, a world movement had been born to abolish poverty.*
>
> *I listened to him.*
>
> *O Workers' Revolution, you brought hope to me, a lonely, suicidal boy. You are the true Messiah. You will destroy the East Side when you come, and build there a garden for the human spirit.*
>
> *O Revolution, that forced me to think, to struggle and to live.*
>
> *O great Beginning!*

That awakening (autobiographical fact) makes logic and triumph out of the tortured young life Gold retells; in one sense it is the whole point of the book. The bowdlerization was as silly as it was meretricious.

One looked forward to the subsequent Avon reprint of *Jews Without Money* with added anticipation and gratitude because of the previous grotesquerie. In an Afterword to the Avon edition, Michael Harrington speaks of the "sudden conversion of the narrator on the final page of this volume." But *this* volume, too, omitted those paragraphs.

We smile when a misordering of Henry James's chapters is handed down from edition to edition, for the invisibility of the mistake is appropriately suggestive of James's literary foibles. The persistent "invisible" corruption of the text of *Jews Without Money* is also suggestive and appropriate, if not so droll. In such manner the acquiescence to the expurgation of radical opinion from American intellectual and political life makes monsters and fools of us (even in spite of ourselves) and perverts art.

The expurgation here exactly duplicated that in the previous edition. Avon followed a copy of that corrupt text (including a garbled chapter title and other typographical errors). In fairness, it must be affirmed that Avon worked woefully in ignorance, and would much have preferred to print the book impeccably. Still, there is some sin of slovenliness. A responsible publisher should not accept, prima facie, a cheap reprint as a true text, even if that text was supplied, as Avon claims, by the publisher, and copyright controller of the hard-cover book.

Apprised of its error, Avon has provided reviewers and distributors with an explanation and an apology, and intends to bring out a second, corrected printing. One is recommended to forestall purchase until that printing is available. Though, frankly, it would be better still to start from scratch. Avon took precious little care in the physical production and appearance of the book—nothing comparable to its slick treatment of *Call It Sleep*. Deleted also are Howard Simon's series of dark, trenchant woodcuts which illustrate the original edition. Michael Harrington's Afterword is of no great merit—superficial, patronizing, mainly sociological, and not always reliable in fact. Gold was born in 1893, not 1894; *The Liberator* ceased publication in 1924, not 1926. An unfortunate error in punctuation foists upon Harrington the odd notion that Morris Hillquit was a "Tammany leader"—which, of course, Harrington knows he was not.

At present, an accurate version of Gold's text will suffice. For a durable, handsome, full record and appreciation of *Jews Without Money* as it was known and meant, we shall have to await yet another edition, more conscientiously conceived.

Jews Without Money is a simple work, and an artless one—if literary art consist in the self-conscious achievement of "style" and in the strenuous formal reordering of experience by the imagination. The book is *not* a novel, though commentators (including Harrington) persist in the misnomer. Gold did start out to write the book as a novel. In 1917 he published in *The Masses* a brief "Prologue to a Tentative East Side Novel"—a snatch of first-person narrative about a family named Gottlieb. In the early 1920s, Gold completed a novel, narrated in the third person, based on his ghetto childhood; but it didn't work, and he laid it aside (and the manuscript is now lost).

A novel requires a special stamina of the imagination to form, and stamina is not Gold's forte; he is rather a man of erratic brilliance. His lean, staccato prose suggests the impatience which forbids to him the sustained effort of the novelist. No sentence begins without its end securely in sight. (In this and every way Gold is Henry James's exemplary opposite; the two make the furthest

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February

From a raw land
The wind came, lusting
After long denial
To grip some live thing.

The ignorant sun
Shone, shone in winter,
Despite the winter
And the starved wind,

The sun burnishing
The wind, the wind
Clenching the sun —
Such the contention

Between these two.
We who walk there,
Numbed in the bright blast,
Crunch toward summer's blue.

Daniel Hoffman

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bounds beyond which men will not suffer narrative art to reach.)

The book Gold published in 1930 represented a fresh attempt to make form and sense out of his experience. In the late 1920s, an editor of *The New Masses* pressed for copy, he returned to his novel, recast a chapter in the first person, and printed it: "A Gang of Little Yids." That piece, which became Chapter 3 of *Jews Without Money*, was nothing more pretentious than a collection of related sketches of childhood. Gold found the form easy; response was good. He reworked some other parts of his novel and published them severally in *The New Masses* and elsewhere. Gold had learned to accommodate himself to his talents, and *Jews Without Money* just grew.

The book we have is a miscellany of vignettes, anecdotes, reflections, sketches. Gold often catches in words the same spirit and sense of ghetto life that the Ash Can artists—Sloan, Becker, Bellows—got on stone and canvas. What overall structure the book has is thematic, not narrative. Gold groups his matter more or less by subject—Jews and Christians, Sex, Economics—though there is no sense of the structure of sociological analysis either. Within his chapters, however, and their numerous subdivisions, Gold works with a firm hand developing a theme or a short narrative, forming it full, and bringing it to satisfying resolution. The book doesn't seem miscellaneous.

Jews Without Money is, by Gold's guess, about 85 per cent autobiography, though "autobiography" is scarcely more appropriate than "novel" as its designation. Nor is it really "fictionalized autobiography." That other 15 per cent, more or less, is enough to make the book slide away from autobiography—to blur a date, change a name, compress several characters into one—but it is not enough to make the book real fiction. (The procedures of Gold and the Joyce of *A Portrait* in some ways abut and mark each side of that illusive boundary beyond which the materials of autobiography begin to gather up and make something qualitatively different in the imagination of a novelist.)

"Michael Gold" is, of course, a pseudonym. It was adopted by Irwin Granich, during the Palmer raids, to hide the employee from the radical writer, and was copied from that of an old man he admired, a soldier in the Grand Army of the Republic. But by 1930, Michael Gold was the name of a public man, employed now by the revolution. The man became his pseudonym. *Jews Without Money* is mostly autobiography, but *pseudonymous* autobiography. It's as though Samuel Clemens had written of his parents as Mr. and Mrs. Twain. Or as though Joyce had become known to the world as Daedalus while *Stephen Hero* was distilling into *A Portrait*. (One wants to hold onto critical discrimination in these comparisons to greater men and greater works, but there is, in addition, something suggestive in the common false starts and long struggles of Gold and Joyce to find right possible ways of turning lives into letters.)

The unique nature of Gold's public identity gave him a freedom he needed and exploited. Retelling the experience he knew, he could stick comfortably close to the contours of fact and could speak in the first person with passionate sincerity. (It's a bit archly lit-critical to speak of a "narrator" in Gold's book; every word of it is spoken in his own voice, as in his own adopted name.) Just as Gold was thus able to avoid the necessities of a full-blown work of the imagination, just so could he avoid the responsibilities of the autobiographer, which were not his concern.

Jews Without Money is not about Michael Gold. We cannot turn to the book for the facts and dates of the man's life with any certainty; he did not intend that we should. The book comes to a telling penultimate period, just before those errant last paragraphs, thus:

> *At times I seriously thought of cutting my throat. At other times I dreamed of running away to the far west. Sex began to torture me. I developed a crazy religious streak. I prayed on the tenement roof in moonlight to the Jewish Messiah who would redeem the world. I took up with Nigger again. I spent my nights in a tough poolroom. I needed desperate stimulants; I was ready for anything. At the age of fifteen I began drinking and whoring with Nigger's crowd.*
>
> *And I worked. And my father and mother grew sadder and older. It went on for years. I don't want to remember it all; the years of my adolescence. Yet I was only one among a million others.*

There is frenzy here, emotional and syntactical; there is the felt experience of one man's anguish, which approaches and escapes (as Gold so often approaches and deftly escapes) mere sentiment and self-pity. But the latter paragraph grows calm, and changes everything. Gold anchors his personal

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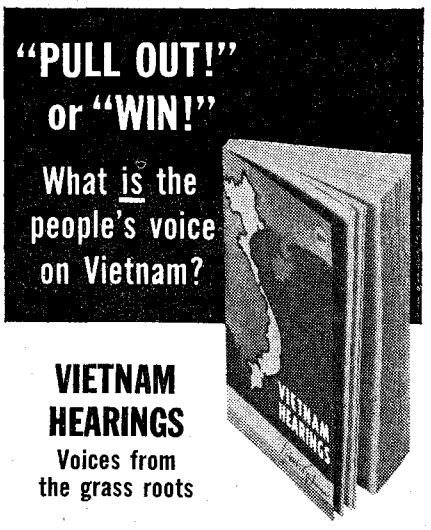

A report of hearings held by Rep. Robert W. Kastenmeier in Madison, Wisconsin, to find out what his constituents thought about the war. "An extraordinary cross section of witnesses . . . who took great trouble and thought to organize and express their thoughts . . . One feels encouraged to try to do likewise."—HARPER'S MAGAZINE
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experience in the condition of his people, the poor, and makes his experience meaningful, here and throughout the book, because it is anchored thus and only. (Those next, missing paragraphs are all the more crucial because a book *might* end without them; there is a sense here of periodic fullness and melancholy, perfect resignation which, uncontradicted, achieve precisely the opposite of Gold's intention.)

What kind of book, then, is *Jews Without Money*? It is just what Gold says it is:

There are enough pleasant superficial liars writing in America. I will write a truthful book of poverty; I will mention bedbugs.

(Characteristically, that seeming-prefatory manifesto is buried between parentheses about a quarter way through the book.) "A truthful book of poverty" is a genus for which there is no accounting in the phylogeny of polite letters. Yet the book is no extra-literary document in the same sense as, say, Joseph Freeman's autobigraphical *American Testament*, or Michael Harrington's own true book about poverty, *The Other America*. Unlike those works, *Jews Without Money* belongs in an undergraduate course in 20th-century American literature, for it *is* a work of literary art, with an imagination and a style of its own.

The imagination is that of a man who can tell a good story briefly, sketch a face or character or neighborhood or mood with few strokes, control the sympathies of his reader, or form the rhythm of a chapter out of helter-skelter recollections. The quality of ghetto life and the full forms and logic of the storyteller's art are felt. We live through Gold's experience, and we put down the book a little changed in ourselves: The gentile is turned Jew; the comfortable suffer.

To talk of Gold's style is problematic, for he is notorious on the subject: "There is no 'style' — there is only clarity, force, truth in writing." A narrow and unexamined opinion, surely, and one which is of little use to guide others in the forging of their art; but an opinion which was of no *hindrance to himself*, a writer who speaks with ease only in his own proper voice. Gold's style is undeniable, tough, singular. It is simply unself-conscious. The workings of the two paragraphs quoted above are one evidence of Gold's special tones and rhythms. Or take this:

This was summer. An old melancholy Jew limped by, with six derby hats stacked one over the other on his head, and a burlap sack on his shoulder.

"I Cash Clothes!" he wailed, gazing with weary eyes up and down the tenement walls. "I Cash Clothes!" and it made one's heart ache strangely, like the synagogue prayers at Yom Kippur.

In my ears still ring the lamentations of the lonely old Jews without money:

"I cash clothes, I cash clothes, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Or this:

Flies, bedbugs, sick cats, sunstruck horses, men and women, and busy saloon, and street circus — Summer.

Or this:

*But Teacher! O Teacher for little slaves, O ruptured American virgin of fifty-five, you should not have called me "*Little Kike.*"*

Nigger banged you on the nose for that. I should have been so brave. It was Justice.

Or this:

This thing, this Fyfka the Miser, this yellow somnambulist, this nightmare bred of poverty; this maggot-yellow dark ape with twisted arm and bright, peering, melancholy eyes; human garbage can of horror; fevered Rothschild in a filthy shirt; madman in an old derby hat:

This perfection had a flaw; this monster needed women.

One could quote fruitfully on. Gold speaks no gaiety, some murky emotion, little wit, and no humor; but, within a certain defined range, he has many strong voices.

Necessarily, it seems, in the dialectics of literary opinion, when the works of a previous age begin to appeal again, one must argue that this work or that is worthy precisely because it violates the canons of bad taste which prejudice has assigned to that age. Some satisfaction can be wrung from the "ironic" contrast between Gold's "fidelity to life" in his book and his supposed fidelity to some notion of party-line literary theory. There is a real point to such swipes. In every age prevailing literary theory has given mediocre men excuse to write mediocre works "to taste"; in every age talented men have done better than the theorist's dicta (even their own) would seem to permit. The literary stupidities of the Red decade are patent and bear conscientious study. But it is easy to carp and snigger. We must talk of accomplishments, too, and their relevance to our own situation.

The specific culture and its version of poverty which Gold describes in *Jews Without Money* is all but gone; the Southern mountains and Lenox Avenue today face peculiar, knotty problems undreamt on Rivington Street at the turn of the century. (Though it is supercilious of Michael Harrington to say that the poverty of white Appalachians and Negroes today is the more desperate because they lack the "internal resources" of the "adventurous poor" of Gold's youth. And what about the adventurous Puerto Ricans who have inherited Rivington Street — pushcarts and all?) But *Jews Without Money* is not a period piece, nor is it culturally limited. Gold's knowledge of dignity in deprivation (and of degradation), of warmth and will to live (and of defeat) grow from a time and a culture, but are not limited to that time and culture. Gold's commitment is to the poor (not the Jewish poor); that commitment is felt and exemplary. One need not share Gold's ideological views to understand and appreciate his work, but one cannot forget that *he* understood it in the light of his Marxism, and that the overwhelming love and anguish the man shows in his book informed also his commitment to the Communist movement.

To contend, as Harrington does, that, minus "a few passages," the book could have been written by "a conservative or an a-political" is to dem-

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onstrate a radical failure of the imagination. Sympathy without action is sentimentality; root deprivation without organization (whatever is most fruitful at the moment) is despair. That is the point of the missing five paragraphs.

The essential pattern of Michael Gold's bewildered ghetto childhood and wretched adolescence, and of his response to the conditions of his life, is true of every time and culture in which poverty is felt and resisted. Gold's experience is really unique only in what he made of it: a simple book, rich in clarity, force, truth and art.

A Mass of Floating Anxiety

THE UNCOMMITTED: Alienated Youth in American Society. By Kenneth Keniston. Harcourt, Brace & World. 500 pp. $8.50.

Ferdynand Zweig

Kenneth Keniston has embraced two major themes in his book: one about alienated youth in American society, based on a three-years' research study of the undergraduates of Harvard College; second, about the alienation of American society from its deeper self (in the Hegelian sense), based on analysis and a searching inquiry into the ills and failures of a technological society. The two themes are presented separately and could form two different books; but they are brought together at the end in the assertion that "the stresses and losses and demands of our technological society are an integral part of the lives of alienated students."

The method, the treatment and presentation in each part are quite different; the first, richer and fuller, is specific and concrete, presented in more vivid terms and based on first-hand material; the second, though it abounds in generalities which can be found in sociological literature of the last fifty years, is a very able summary of the ills, the strains and stresses of our technological civilization: fragmented, mechanized, soulless, destroying the fabric of community life, producing "anomie" (in the two Durkheimian senses), aimless, deprived of its deeper meaning and positive values.

In the first section, a large group of Harvard undergraduates were subjected to tests based on indices of what was defined as alienation; namely, distrust, pessimism, resentment, anxiety, egocentricity, the sense of being an outsider, the rejection of conventional values, rejection of happiness as a goal, and a feeling of distance from others.

Those who scored high on the indices were classed as alienated, and from those a group of twelve was selected, identified as "extremely alienated"; those whose score was low were classed as conformists and another group of twelve was selected and identified as "extremely non-alienated." Those whose score was average were identified as "not extreme either way" and they formed the third "control" group. The students were interviewed and reinterviewed, subjected to the Thematic Apperception Tests (making up a story on the basis of twelve cards showing an ambiguous theme); they wrote a lengthy autobiography and a statement of their basic values and "philosophy of life" and also took part in a variety of psychological experiments.

An interesting portrait gallery of alienated youth emerged from this study, presented in a sketch of the personality of one supremely alienated student called Inburn, and in a collective profile of alienated youth, in which the specific traits are laid bare, analyzed and dissected. They are described as men bent on intellectual and aesthetic pursuits with an "intellectual passion," fond of verbal dispute ("arguing is their avocation"), agnostics, not believing in anything, with a global distrust of human nature and with an ideological distrust of any ideology. They are critical about everything and about themselves, described as fragmented in themselves. They are inclined toward existential pessimism, toward self-analysis and continuous dissection of themselves. They are apolitical, uncommitted in any way, but with a philosophy of "implicit conservatism" and the "doctrine of lesser evil." They scored on the IQ test a little higher than the other groups; there were also more honor students among them than among others. They were taking part in activities where their humanistic or dramatic interests could be expressed. They did not differ in behavior or achievement from others; they "differed not in *what* they do, but in *how* they do it." (It is strange that their ideas did not spill over into their behavior.) They were not Beatniks, they regarded the Beat as a silly and insignificant movement. But many of them seemed to be "troubled and upset by sexual problems" and they seemed to "reject the adult sexuality," especially of the aggressive type. "It would be wrong," asserts Mr. Keniston, "to give causal primacy to this sexual problem," but personally, having made a study of students at Oxford and Manchester Universities, who are also troubled and upset by sexual problems (*The Student in the Age of Anxiety*), I am not sure

Ferdynand Zweig, the Polish-English sociologist, is presently visiting professor at Tel Aviv University in Israel. He is the author of The Student in the Age of Anxiety *(Free Press),* The Worker in an Affluent Society *(Free Press) and, most recently,* Quest for Fellowship *(Heinemann).*

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whether the author's assertion is as valid as he claims.

A number of findings about the alienated students were implicit in the indices of the tests, which served as a basis for their selection. The distrust of ideology was implicit in the bent toward general distrust; and the global distrust of human nature was implicit in their bent toward pessimism. The ideological rejection of American culture was implicit in their rejection of conventional values, in their resentment and feeling of being outsiders. Their "intense privatism," their rejection of social concerns, was implicit in their egocentricity, etc. This means that, in part, results were already built in by the very nature of the tests on the basis of which the so-called alienated were selected.

The inquiry would have been more convincing if we were given a portrait gallery of the two other control groups, and more satisfactory if five major problems, lumped together in the inquiry, had been kept apart and carefully disentangled. These are: Alienation of youth, a perennial problem, aggravated by the swift pace of social change; alienation of intellectuals, also a perennial problem, at present only aggravated by the triviality of modern mass communication; alienation against the human condition, at present focused on the Great Anxiety, a mass of floating anxiety based on experiences of the extermination camps, Hiroshima and the prospect of nuclear annihilation; the alienation based on marginal psychological characteristics and traumas; finally, the more specific alienation from American culture, per se.

The second theme of the book, the alienating society or the American culture, is presented in a challenging and thought-provoking section which analyzes and dissects the seedy side of the technological society with its supremacy of technological, instrumental values: barren, soulless and soul destroying. But when all is said and done, we are bound to realize that the critical dissection of society as described so eloquently by the author is not that of American society as such, but of a pure model of a "technological society." The author himself declares his book to be "directly and indirectly concerned with the human toll of our technological society." The model, or to use Max Weber's term, "the ideal type" of the technological society is, of course, one-sided, as all models are bound to be. It covers Communist Russia, Japan, England and West Germany, among others. It is in fact the model of an industrial society at its height. The supremacy of technical values may be stronger in the United States than in other countries because the United States is technologically and industrially more advanced. But the point is what to do about it? That is the crucial issue which is faced not alone by the West, in spite of the basic assumption of the book that "the dominance of technology springs ultimately from the failure of positive values in our society and from a collective failure of imagination in the West as a whole."

Using his own imagination, Mr. Keniston presents a very worthy plea for "a more generous tolerance for synthetic and constructive ideas," and for encouragement of the Greek ideal of "full human wholeness," the full development of human potentials, and the attainment of the greatest possible fulfillment of human personality. The author admits that those goals are rather vague but, all the same, they can point to a different set of values than those prevailing in a technological society. He sees three alternatives before us: Regression and reaction to a romanticized past, which he rejects; the continuation of the present road, but with some finishing touches here and there, which he also rejects; or to go beyond the technological society, overcoming its values in a new, more human society.

In his vision, this future society will be "one in which whole men and women can play with zest and spontaneity, can work with skill and dedication, can love with passion and care —a society that enjoys diversity and supports human fulfillment."

It is a pity that the author is not endowed with the imagination of a Karl Marx, Charles Fourier or Saint-Simon; he might have shown us the beautiful landscape which lies beyond the horizon of this "prosperous, ugly and sprawling society."

Even so, it is a book worth reading and pondering, as it presents a challenge to the ominous question: *"Quo vadis, domine?"*

The Shoe in the Shark

Michael Goldman

During the past decade, American poets have been engaged in an unprecedented testing of styles, a search for new sources of eloquence that has been remarkable in its variety. The search clearly has much to do with the idea of an "American" poetry itself; it is an attempt to find an expression suitable to our language and our national life. This is a vague enough notion, and in some respects a puzzling one. For although we are accustomed to speak as if a simple connection existed between a poet's work and his native land ("English poetry is moribund," "Williams sensed the possibilities of an American metric"), the nature of the connection remains obscure and even problematical. How can poetry—which must inevitably be made up of a number of personal, intimate and apparently competing visions of experience—be national in any significant sense? To answer, we must consider some of the ways in which poetry works in the mind of its audience and how it may meet there with the objects and difficulties of American life.

Quasimodo has defined eloquence in poetry as "discourse with a world gathered up in a narrow landscape"; and it is in this sense of the word that we may say the prevailing problem of American poetry today is one of eloquence. Every new poem of any quality has lately seemed to have a double function: it is first of all simply a poem, but it is also, and always uneasily, a polemic in a continuing argument as to the true or new or proper cadence and diction of our poetry. The question appears to be one of speech. But as Quasimodo's definition suggests, the heart of the problem lies in the landscape. Poetry seeks a condensed world, what William Empson has called "the pastoral," a landscape apparently small enough to be familiar and yet somehow containing the world. If eloquence fails us, it is probably not because our world has grown so difficult to contain but because so little in it has remained familiar; or, to put the case more accurately, so little of the familiar in our world has remained human.

It is as if Rilke was right forty years ago when he announced that the world of familiar objects was at an end:

To our grandparents a "house," a "well," a tower familiar to them, even their own dress, their cloak, was still infinitely more, infinitely more intimate: almost each thing a

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vessel in which they found something human and into which they set aside something human. Now, from America, empty indifferent things are crowding over to us, sham things, life-decoys. . . . *Animated things, things experienced by us,* and that know us, *are on the decline and cannot be replaced any more.* We are perhaps the last still to have known such things.

There are at least two ways in which this disturbing prophecy bears on us. First, if it is *American* objects that have vanquished the world, perhaps it is in some way up to our poetry to vanquish the objects, to assume the imperial task, to surprise the life-decoys back into life. Second, the date of the passage is 1925; at that time all the figures we recognize as outstanding in "modern" American poetry were flourishing—Eliot, Pound, Frost and Stevens had all found their voices. So that if we take Rilke's remarks as defining the difference between the old poetic landscape and the new, we find that the great recent figures in our own tradition, the ones on whom we tend to rely when we speak of "American poetry," and whom we are still laboring to understand, are inevitably remote from us as being largely unaffected by our major problem, the assimilation of "American things."

It is perhaps because of this difference that we find our own poets insisting on the assimilation of ordinary objects—especially manufactured ones—in a way that seems unsophisticated when compared, for example, with Eliot's comments on the relation of modern poetry to modern life. Eliot tells us we should try to get the rhythm of the motorcar into our poetry, and not the motorcar itself, but it is Louis Simpson who strikes a note more characteristic of poetry as it is being written today when he says in a poem entitled "American Poetry":

Whatever it is, it must have
A stomach that can digest
Rubber, coal, uranium, moons,
poems
Like the shark, it contains a shoe.

The emphasis on digestion is important, and I think the process here is different from what Eliot has in mind. The image of the shoe in the shark suggests the continuing recognizable presence of the lifeless object, but transformed by (and transforming) certain strong natural juices. The swallowing of the shoe by the shark is thus Simpson's figure for eloquence; this, too, is the gathering up of the world into a landscape.

Simpson's poetry—*At the End of the Open Road* (Wesleyan University Press) and the twelve new poems included in his *Selected Poems* (Harcourt, Brace & World) — is distinguished by its insistence on *life*. It is the "unlived life" that concerns him, "serious life," "my life that I hold in secret." He is working now to touch the great source of feeling that we all allude to, however vaguely, when we use the phrase "real life." It is one of his phrases too:

And so my real life, my feelings
Are left on the cutting-room floor
And swept away with a broom.

For the poet, the discovery of his real life poses a technical as well as an emotional problem, and to solve it he must learn to assimilate the terrible, banal objects that surround him, the life-decoys. In "The Laurel Tree" Simpson describes how tree roots have broken through his cellar wall:

As though there were something in
my rubbish
That life would have at last.
I must be patient with shapes
Of automobiles and ketchup bottles
These things are the beginning
Of things not visible to the naked
eye.
. . . It is so that spiritual messengers
Deliver their meaning.

In this patient, attentive gathering of objects into a spiritual landscape, we may discover the poetics behind Simpson's recent work. It is a response to Rilke's challenge, a poetics for a post-modern age.

The idea of making a poetry out of "American objects" suggests an "American poetry"; a common search for a landscape implies a common land. Simpson's development—and the *Selected Poems* gives us an admirable opportunity to see this—has been toward an increasingly national tone in cadence, in diction, and even in setting. He tends more and more to write about the West Coast, the "end of the open road," all the junk-ridden splendor of the American scene. We sense that at its best, his is an appropriately national poetry, and that, as is the case with so many of our poets who are moving in a similar direction, the personal solution to the problem of eloquence is also an American one. Quasimodo is being figurative when he talks of landscape, but he is also being literal; the idea of a real if transfigured locale is in his mind (and in his poetry), and we realize that his definition of eloquence may be turned around: the poet's eloquence creates the landscape of a nation.

But what do we mean by this? In what sense is poetry national, and how does a poet's personal landscape become a national eloquence? We may begin by noting a characteristic of any landscape: there is room in it for more than one man. Though there may be a moat or barbed wire surrounding it and pitfalls or bogs within, it can be entered. The reader of a poem is not, finally, asked to peer through the hedges at a man in his garden; he is invited to share the scene. And the scene has duration. Places attract us by the relations they suggest, and one set of relations develops from the possible presence on the scene of people who have come before us or after us or at the same time but through different entrances. A landscape invites us to imagine some sort of community, and so does a poem.

This community may seem a far cry from anything we ordinarily associate with nationalism. In literature, as in politics, nationalism usually strikes us as a taking away of humanity, an aggressive substitution of one kind of relation for all others. A man is asked to reduce himself so as to identify more closely with his countrymen and to impose his new identity on outsiders. Under these conditions, the national landscape resembles a staging area policed by draftees, a place not to live in but to attack from. In a sense, all personal relationships entail something of this familiar standardization. Like the life-decoys, they threaten the sense of our own vitality by imposing a manufactured presence upon it. Even at the most intimate moments, the presence of another person seems to involve us in some kind of libretto. The more public the occasion, the more manufactured our responses become. For this reason, we tend to think of poetry as the opposite of nationalism—a kind of antidote to it—and to resist any attempt to make poetry serve national purposes. But there is another kind of nationalism in which all possible relations take their place, whose landscape retains its quality, enriched by the people who explore its contours. It is an offering rather than a taking away, and it is this nationalism to which poetry contributes.

If the landscape of a poem is an inviting community, clearly our relation to the community is built up out of a number of different relations, each of which corresponds to some way in which poetry engages our minds. Broadly speaking, I think of three kinds of engagement which combine to produce the overall effect of a poem, and which, taken together, help to define its nationalism. To illus-

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trate, we may imagine a painted landscape: we see a castle, a town, fields; they carry the light, which finally comes to rest on the face of a young girl. The artist, in the most romantic and least modest phase of his personality, instructs us as to the way the light moves in his blood, but he also uses the light to reveal a relation to the girl, the girl's connection with other men and women. In a third phase, however, he is the chronicler of the light on stones and wheat, a student of the sun in both its historical and astronomical aspects. The effect of these three phases of expression is, of course, simultaneous and interrelated. The viewer (or reader) is touched by the artist in his singleness and isolation; he is drawn into the town; his own sun changes; it becomes a common source; he shares his life with the girl.

The three phases have their counterparts in our common experience of poetry. The first phase represents the poet's individual deformation of the world by language and rhythm. The poem's texture stands for the inexpressible language of the self. (We think of Rimbaud's *"J'ai seul la clef de cette parade sauvage."*) Here we encounter the poet as narcissus, the poem as description. In the second phase we find the world of recognizable human relationships—the world of Yeats's fiction of Maud Gonne, or the wonderful moments in Quasimodo's poetry when he begins to address a second person and the apparently "descriptive" poetry that has gone before is suddenly transformed. Here is the poet as personal dramatist, the poem as story. The third phase relates to all that we mean when we use the terms "history" or "myth" to get at a presence of something that is not simply personal but that invests the objects in a poem with an enduring past. It is that sense of "reference" that Robert Lowell seems to hammer and pack so furiously into his earlier poems. It has a lot to do with the weight that simple objects bear in Rilke's poetry; here is the poet as lawgiver or racial memory, the poem as myth. We could say that the three phases correspond to the voice of the infant, the adult and the god (or priest); to the I, the you and the it; to lyric, dramatic and epic; to the lunatic, the lover and the poet.

This interaction among phases of the self would seem to be of value to the ideal community, to nationalism in the better sense. A nation is composed of distinctive individuals, each with his "real life" and proper madness, but it is also composed of men in their individual relations and in their relations to history. This is perhaps to say no more than that a nation is both a relation of people and a collection of people—but the analogy takes on significance if we add that the people must be fully alive; in Simpson's phrase, they must find and have their "real life." But the pressure of any relationship is to limit and conventionalize the individual. Though each of us is the reader of an inexpressible language, he is also an actor who tends to use the stock language and gesture of melodrama (or the newspapers) under the pressure of personal crisis or a social or political occasion. Poetry, by bringing each man's inexpressible language a little into the light, brings real life into his relations and his history. The "life-decoys" of which Rilke speaks and with which Simpson and the rest of us struggle are the signs of an incoherent nation, where the impulse toward fullness of life is thwarted and diminished. The attempt to establish a cadence (and it is of course not only a cadence but all the formal movements of poetry I have in mind) in which the objects of American life can take their place with eloquence is, then, an attempt to gather America into its own landscape, to establish, both for the poet and his audience, a community in which their real life may be lived.

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Harold Clurman

SWEET CHARITY

There is something singularly fitting about the placement of the new musical, *Sweet Charity*, at the Palace Theatre. I do not refer to the Broadway Baroque of the redecorated old vaudeville house but to its location on our "Main Street" at 47th.

Nearby is the "Latin Quarter"—loud, lavish, tough. Less than half a block away there is a poor man's round-the-clock "night club" (formerly a restaurant serving beer and oysters in old-fashioned plainness), a hangout where, accompanied by raucous sound, sparsely clad girls twitch their torsos close to the glass storefront, in full view of the idlers who crowd the sidewalk, bemused for hours by the free display. Also close by is one of those immense drugstores where the sleazy tired of the town appear listlessly to patch their more trifling wounds with plasters and palliatives.

Sweet Charity (Book by Neil Simon, Music by Cy Coleman, Lyrics by Dorothy Fields) is based on Fellini's touching film, *The Nights of Cabiria*, about a perpetually deceived and always hopeful Roman whore. In the musical she has become a taxi dancer in a New York hot spot. She has a heart of gold, aspires to marriage, and yearns for a better life. She wants to be loved and is always dumped.

I can tell you little about the quality of the "book," the score, the lyrics. Yet the show made an impression on me—a strong, rather discomfiting impression. It reflects its immediate environment; that I think is a merit. Willy-nilly, what is expressed is disjointedness—a broken-boned dislocation masquerading as gay energy.

Talented Bob Fosse who "conceived, staged and choreographed" the entertainment has created dizzying patterns of movement out of ugliness. The result is a kind of brilliant and ingenious hideousness which *is* a style—a style wrought from the streets and manners we observe as we enter and leave the theatre. The audience is at home in both. The show, despite quibbles and quarrels as to its various elements—discussion of which seems to

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me to miss the mark—is a success: it achieves what it sets out to do. It has unity.

The scenery by Robert Randolph is appropriately angular, brittle, luridly "glamorous," clever, like one of those window exhibits where modern ornamentation is employed after a fashion that hovers between a come-hither attractiveness and the nauseating. It works and moves the proceedings with admirable efficiency.

The gem or star at the center of all this is Gwen Verdon — our all-American Toulouse-Lautrec. Miss Verdon is phenomenal. No longer young, she has enormous vitality, a glorious figure, a delightful nature, theatrical radiance, and a mode of dancing altogether suited to the show's salient features. She transforms the inelegant into elegance. Sometimes she appears haggard and then again she becomes beautiful—a light that shines in darkness. She is human enthusiasm emerging triumphant amid the hard and tawdry.

Sweet Charity is Pop art.

FILMS

Howard Junker

THE ART OF ANIMATION

"Museums do a Macy's-Gimbels" said *Variety* recently, over a story that implied the Gallery of Modern Art and the Museum of the same name were engaged in a movie-festival feud—so much so that secrecy about up-coming programs was necessary.

The gallery, which includes the Huntington Hartford Collection, moved into contention as a museum movie palace with its current Busby Berkeley retrospective. In the fall it had presented a Hal Roach program and selections from the *March of Time*. Director Raymond Rohauer, who celebrates his first anniversary at the gallery next month, is an archive in himself. He holds the rights to Mack Sennett, Buster Keaton, Jean Cocteau, among others. He leads the fight against "stolen" prints, that is, dupes taken by museums without authorization, a practice pioneered by Henri Langlois of the Cinématheque in Paris. Rohauer is currently upset because the Museum of Modern Art loaned a print of Keaton's *The General* to Channel 13 in total disregard, says Rohauer, of the fact that he owns this classic. A similar fuss arose when the Modern decided to put on a Cocteau program which a distributor, Brandon Films, said it could deliver. Rohauer, apparently, thought otherwise, and as a result the Modern showed "The Art of Animation," a program selected by the West Coast chapter of the International Association of Animated Film-Makers in conjunction with the Los Angeles County Museum of Art.

Ordinarily, the Museum of Modern Art never takes outside shows, using its own staff to mount all exhibitions. Its new film curator, documentary maker Willard Van Dyke, made this "his" show by cutting about a third of the Los Angeles selections and splicing in a couple of New York films. The show then totaled thirty-five pieces from eleven countries.

Next year the program will be shared by County, the Modern Museum, the Annenberg School and perhaps a Midwest museum yet to be named. Annecy, France, has had an animation festival since 1960; Mamnia, Rumania, starts one in June—this American festival will give animators a much needed chance to show their work.

The first year's selection was not as good as theoretically it could have been. A number of the leading practitioners were represented but not always with examples of their best work. The East European animators, who apparently enjoy much greater freedom of expression than their live-action colleagues, have built up a fantastic reputation in the past few years. They were not adequately represented in the program.

Czech master Jiri Trnka presented a puppet film, *The Hand*. A museum seminar featuring New York frame-by-framers John Hubley, Leonard Glasser and Fred Mogubgub, and art directors Louis Dorfman of C.B.S. and Jerome Snyder of *Scientific American*, found Trnka's film heavy-handed. It tells of a little potter who is visited by a huge, gloved (human) hand, which demands that the puppet make a symbolic hand-in-salute. The potter refuses, is tormented by the hand, and finally forced to sculpture what the hand dictates. The potter is then awarded medals, given a laurel wreath and, upon his death, a state funeral. The Czech Government was reluctant to export this film.

Jan Lenica's "A," from Poland, shows a man, alone in a room, harassed by a huge letter A. Using the "variations-on-a-theme" structure, Lenica plays out the possibilities of A-ttack: A's kick the man, strangle him and so on. Too many animators take off on their gimmick before it has become an idea, and after much painstaking, are reluctant to throw out the excess. Lenica has a sense of timing and form, and the oppressive "A" wraps up nicely with the disappearance of A and the onslaught of B.

Lenica's *Labirynt* is a slightly less brutal, they-are-after-me fable. Here a little man visits Weird City and attempts to rescue a maiden from a monster. She sticks by the monster, however, and the little man is himself caught by a "hand" and given a computerized brainwash. Upon release he takes flight, only to be destroyed by a flock of harpies.

In the free world, black visions seem to rise out of Freudian, rather than political, despair. Most horrific of all was a string of Bosch-like, black-line vignettes, AOS, by Yogi Kuri of Japan. Kuri's machine-and-box nightmares sprouted arms and eyes and mouths, devoured various parts and parcels, spawned little men and so on.

For *Le Nez*, French animator Alex-

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ander Alexeieff employed a pointillist technique using black-, white- and gray-headed pins, which are displaced frame by frame to give an eerie, wavy image. *Le Nez* tells the Gogol story of a man who wakes up without a nose and searches for it in a government building where a bespectacled Nose asserts that he, the Nose, is not the missing one. The next day the man wakes up with a nose, but he goes to the barbershop for a shave, is lathered up, hears the barber stropping the razor and—ATTENTION! ATTENTION! *Fin.*

While the best foreign entries tended to be morbid, anguished and pretentious—as if only serious films deserve to be exported—the American entries had a lighter touch. In part this can be explained by the government sponsorship which abroad gives animators time and facilities for metaphysics. Here, animators must do their own work between commercial chores, and since their only hope to get back their investment is through theatrical release, they keep their efforts humorous and non-esoteric.

Such American Big Statements as there were tended to be issue-oriented and rather impersonal. *The Hangman* by Les Goldman and Paul Julian dunned the viewer about the need for individual responsibility with regard to capital punishment. *The Hat* by John and Faith Hubley uses improvised dialogue by Dizzy Gillespie and Dudley Moore to voice the need for brotherhood, disarmament, etc. Message films, if they don't pretend to be something else, can be wonderful, as in John Korty's puff for the American Cancer Society which nicely separates moral from fable, saving the "don't-smoke" pitch until after a funny interchange between two guys who would like to quit, but can't.

The down-beat, UPA, Bert and Harry style may, after all, be the Great American gift to contemporary animation. Leonard Glasser's *Howard* is in the quick-paced, side-of-the-mouth, situation tradition which benefits from "limited" techniques, bold graphics, wry characterizations and lack of sentiment. Tall, eloquent Howard is dogged by fat, deaf Howard and short, ugly, stupid Howard. The Howards pursue Howard, and their bathetic tandem exit into infinity came closer to stirring "brotherhood" feelings in me than all the coy sermons on the bomb, the lines that divide us, etc., that serious animators seem to love.

In the days of the Disney factory, animation was unquestionably a craft, not an art. The animator was fitted in somewhere along the assembly line, and it was the rare Norman McLaren who devoted himself to abstract research and development. Now, with television's demand for gimmick, with the possibility of doing piece work for the commercial market, animators are beginning to sense themselves as individual artists.

The Sentence

The door is open inside is
the pictures
I might as quickly as not
cry about — as

a letter there, "Al"
I never knew
as that hand, blue, almost
backwards — to

intention, whatever energy
locked
in its mark, absurd as
it is — not

of whatever was
but harder to know
it as — as
the door open
to it
and/or the pictures
of nothing.

Aram Saroyan

Thus, Fred Mogubgub says it was *he* who devised the style of *Enter Hamlet:* Maurice Evans' "To be or not . . ." is illustrated word by word in quick, funny, single takes of comic-Pop situations. And since Stephen Verona, who has just set up on his own, tried this idea out on the Beatle song, *She Loves Me*, also included on the museum's bill, Mogubgub became upset. After all, in an art where what you say is so much determined by how you say it, technique is identity.

Fortunately, computers can do animation, too. An IBM demonstration showed how a sketch of a suspension bridge can be rotated, in perspective, by a computer. Bell Labs is working on computerized 3-D cartoons.

In view of the coming obsolescence of live animators, it was good to see a film student at the University of Southern California, David Hanson, return to Eadweard Muybridge and "flip through" that pre-cinemaster's still photo studies of a woman hopping, sitting, throwing, stooping. As long as there are elegant, nonlive-action ideas like that to be discovered, animation will continue. "The Art of Animation" made this point, and the Modern is to be congratulated for sponsoring the festival.

ART

Max Kozloff

SAO PAULO IN WASHINGTON

The American section of the Eighth São Paulo Biennial, rather indifferently received in Brazil, condescended to or vilified here, will close at its only United States installation, the National Collection of Fine Arts, Washington D.C., on March 6. Organized by Walter Hopps, of the Pasadena Art Museum, it is a remarkable, not to say splendid, show. In a sense, this exhibition stands as a counterpart to our offering at Venice two years ago, since it represents provocative recent abstractionists, where the other exposed a better-known mixture of Rauschenberg and some of the Pop artists. Even more, Mr. Hopps has chosen to be risky, that is to say, thematic, about his enterprise. There is an implied ideological perspective in the position granted Barnett Newman,* the radical color-field painter and revolutionary of the forties, who bestrides a group of *avant-garde* "legatees," neatly divided, three and three, between New York and Los Angeles. Aside from the intrinsic interest of this confrontation, the rhetorical insistence of his choices promotes the questioning without which a show cannot pretend to raise valid issues.

Historically, then, the thesis would be that the large, virtually vacant color façades of Newman legitimize the minute formal discriminations of current-generation abstraction. Although Hopps himself is extremely diplomatic on this score, Newman's gesture, emphasizing grandiose formats at the same time as minimal structural change, is seen as the exemplar of the extremely reductionist aesthetic today. Post-Cubist, this development can also theoretically be seen as post-humanist, because its goals are stated invariably in terms of its own physical mechanics, alien to the idea of "content" in any guise. All this is familiar enough, if not the poker-faced tones in which the artists

*I plan to discuss Barnett Newman's work more fully at the time of his forthcoming exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum.

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habitually discuss it. For them, the creative act consists only of so many decisions and measurements and calculations that dryly round upon themselves. The artifacts that result are not associated with a *vision.*

But psychologically, the problem is much more interesting. To all the exaggerated stylishness and self-indulgence, the flippant wallowing in *Kitsch* and coarse-grained hedonism with which American society now embroiders itself, this exhibition retorts with a seemingly chilling no. It questions the liberal assumptions under which we have, or would conceivably like to, come to terms with our decadence. After every license has been broached, every inhibition shushed, an old-time puritanism that now looks a little engineered, a little computerized, sheers away our campy baubles. These artists are not afraid to look rigid, dogmatic, even uninventive. They would perhaps reacquaint us with the axiom that the senses must sometimes be chastened, and the spirit rectified—and above all, with the fact that art can be silent, uneloquent. Such an image of American art abroad, and at home, is the more pungent because unexpected.

But upon close scrutiny of the works themselves, these theses are fortunately very hard to maintain. I say fortunately because to accept them at face value would be to simplify the challenges and ambiguities in our culture, of which art is the most sensitive reflection. For one thing, the cult of enthusiasm and bad taste is just as dehumanized in its implications as the most abstruse geometricizing. Both now embrace the anonymous technology and the vicarious packaging of sensations which shrivel escape to an ever more elusive directness of response, or even visceral reaction. In that sense, the psychological, if not the stylistic, opposition to Venice is false. One's capacity to respond to new works of art is increasingly conditioned by the conceptual and often ironic processes to which they restrict themselves. But within the boundaries of mechanized surfaces and nonallusive material, the possibilities of expanding a new kind of sensation, a phenomenal industrial dazzle, open up an extraordinary realm to be explored. The spectator can depart from these glimmerings as if they defined a new kind of nature (which, in fact, they do) to untouched areas of fancy. Pop art sublimates this dynamic; abstract art, subtly but emphatically retools it.

In the present show, the Los Angeles artists concentrate on light, immateriality, and only insofar as these qualities fuse into some texture, color. Whereas the New Yorkers concern themselves with solidity, shape, color contrast, and only to the extent that such things carry textural resonance, luminosity. It is an important distinction because the syntactical elements of flat plane, shaped canvas and rectangular volumes, are shared by the two groups without many or decisive variations.

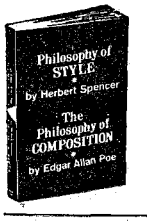
Of the first trio, for instance, Larry Bell's chrome-framed glass boxes, despite the circles or ovals etched, or chemicals annealed, to their surfaces, are involved with radiant atmosphere —so much so that an agency seems to have breathed chromatic fragrances from within, equivocally clouding the apertures surrounded by façade mirrors. Though they are literal vacuums, these objects resemble hothouse conservatories of metallic gases reifying by spectrum glints into the transparency of that which contains them. Like Duchamp's bottled air, they are revealed only by the nothingness which they isolate; but like early Josef Albers, they also confuse perspectival projections of a cube through, or upon, flat surfaces. And through this maze of contradictions, blending immobility and transience, optical refinement with geometric schemata, there hovers the most touching optimism. It is at once nostalgically *moderne*, with all the finesse of the 1930s' *haute monde*, and prophetic too, of the electrical arcadia which the lunar age is bringing into view.

Bell's colleague, Billy Al Bengston, he of the motorcycle clubs and the sergeant's chevrons, sprays a plummy lacquer on masonite panels to form images that look like a cross between theatrical dressing tables and effeminate altars to the Holy Ghost. There is wild-eyed but studied flatulence about all this, which has misled his innumerable detractors into thinking they are dealing with cream-puff art. But his galactic, bicycle-reflector "Buster," for instance, distills enough tartness for the eye to hold on to the most offbeat color filters in American abstract art.

By far the most delicate and radical of the Los Angeles artists is Robert Irwin. At a distance of about 12 feet, and after several minutes of viewing, one's doubt about his two canvases — what kinds of colors compose them, what amount of space they depict— seems actually to increase. These questions reveal the incredulity of the eye rather than of the mind, for the latter does not really enter the experience at this point. What does one see? A large white rectangular expanse, immaculate at the edges, but ever so curiously and ineffably blushing toward the featureless center. This alone might sum it up. (That the rectangle is not a square, although it would be hard to say which two of its sides were the longer, and that its surface is not flat, but diffidently convex, are factors that do not immediately make themselves felt.) Contrary to expectations, the faint haze which blurs vision does not settle, but alters and redeposits its transparent, vagrant molecules in patterns the eye is powerless to control.

But even a haze would appear to have more body, and mobile power, than this dotted, dessicated mesh. It is the faintest of tissues because its porosity cancels out as a fluid matrix. Reflective white, with all the luminous atmosphere it implies, envelops the fragile matter from both front and back. Color, or more accurately, disembodied texture, loses itself in a microstructure, dusky in one instance, champagne tinged in the other. Actually, these canvases are *printed* by the rubber tines from cashiers' change mats—after which each of their thousands of dots is shaved to convey a special density. A clinical, almost raving pedantry results in pointillist hallucination.

But in exquisiteness of craftsman-



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ship, and fantasy of space, the New York artists cannot touch those of California. The East Coast section of the show is represented by Larry Poons, Donald Judd and Frank Stella. They are logical-minded artists, interested in solidity and concreteness, and if they cannot whisper in nuances, they can at least make pictorial declarations with clarity and authority. Poons's "Han-San Cadence," for example, is a 12-foot frieze of almost day-glo ochre, upon which small turquoise and lavender ovals, oriented by a now unperceivable penciled grid, spangle the Newmanesque field. As Hopps justly says: "Poons has made one of the more radical and significant moves away from art forms which rely on connected line drawing, or on the contour edge formed by two joined areas. . . . By linking and interlocking reactions between points, by allowing interconnected foci to form in the viewer's eye, Poons has released a whole new order of ambiguity."

It is an IBM Impressionism, lurid in its hot, dry energy, with extremely close or far-flung color contrasts, and tense in its widely scattered, undifferentiated pick-ups which challenge a flagging eye. In the end, its buoyant after-images evoke a hectic, synthesized light that musically fades and starts as a counterpoint to the actual imagery.

Viewed simply as sculpture, Judd's boxes, orange-painted wood, or galvanized iron and colored-lacquer aluminum, the latter hung as post-lintel wall reliefs, in quadripartite modules, are spaced so evenly that they have units rather than relationships. As a result, they stay ostentatiously where they are, making of the visual experience a blank temporal entity, stretching without incident into past and future. Hypnotized by the virtues of repetition, and the clashes of unassimilated materials, Judd has produced some rather bold negations. As no doubt intended, they are also truly boring.

Conceivably the strongest and most lucid artist in the exhibition, Frank Stella has exerted an enormous influence upon the most lively young abstractionists in America. Parallel bands, executed in dulled metallic paints, and separated by pin-stripe channels of unprimed canvas, are the standardized components which he puts into mimetic accord with his notched, trapezoidal, or x-shaped perimeters. Each picture strikes one as a weird profile of a volume that ought to, but does not, get through and into the wall. Moreover, thanks to their unitary coloration (which does not suggest pictorial hue), his works are remarkably unpicturelike. They are gigantic extendable fragments, severely designed and undecorative, made up of modules that somehow minimize their own symmetry. Often, at the junctures where the bands change their path, his brush reverses its direction, so that there are almost imperceptible obstacles to the overall lateral flow — obstacles which yet seem to fold out segments of the canvases into illusory staggered planes (e.g., the nickel-colored "De La Nada Vida a La Nada Muerte"). With these extremely simplistic devices, Stella dramatically reshapes the whole abstract tradition, while bringing to attention some of the somatic contradictions characterizing visual experience of the sixties.

After acknowledging the beauty of Mr. Hopps's selections, I must quarrel a little with his ideological bracketing. If he would not claim the young men as exclusively Newman's progeny, I would deflate even their general obligation to him. In any event, their excitement brands his tame but willful heroics as of a bygone era. Rather, it is to Jasper Johns's art which these artists owe a debt that should not have been ignored. Without his frozen systems and emblems, it would be hard to imagine Stella and Bengston, the ruled chance of Poons, and even the monotony of Judd. They have retained some of the opaque, unsettling presence of his works, and blended it with the grandiosity of Newman. The resulting mixture of object and metaphor, stripped down to an anatomical vitality in New York, and polished to a ravishing glow in Los Angeles, marks this as one of the decisive exhibitions of American post-Abstract Expressionist art.

Adultery

We have all been in rooms
We cannot die in, and they are odd places, and sad.
Often Indians are standing eagle-armed on hills

In the sunrise open wide to the Great Spirit
Or gliding in canoes or cattle are browsing on the walls
Far away gazing down with the eyes of our children

Not far away or there are men driving
The last railspike, which has turned
Gold in their hands. Gigantic forepleasure lives

Among such scenes, and we are alone with it
At last. There is always some weeping
Between us and someone is always checking

A wrist-watch by the bed to see how much
Longer we have left. Nothing can come
Of this nothing can come

Of us: of me with my grim techniques
Or you who have sealed your womb
With a ring of convulsive rubber:

Although we come together,
Nothing will come of us. But we would not give
It up, for death is beaten

By praying Indians by distant cows historical
Hammers by hazardous meetings that bridge
A continent. One could never die here

Never die never die
While crying. My lover, my dear one
I will see you next week

When I'm in town. I will call you
If I can. Please get hold of please don't
Oh, God, Please don't any more I can't bear . . . Listen:

We have done it again we are
Still living. Sit up and smile,
God bless you. Guilt is magical.

James Dickey

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